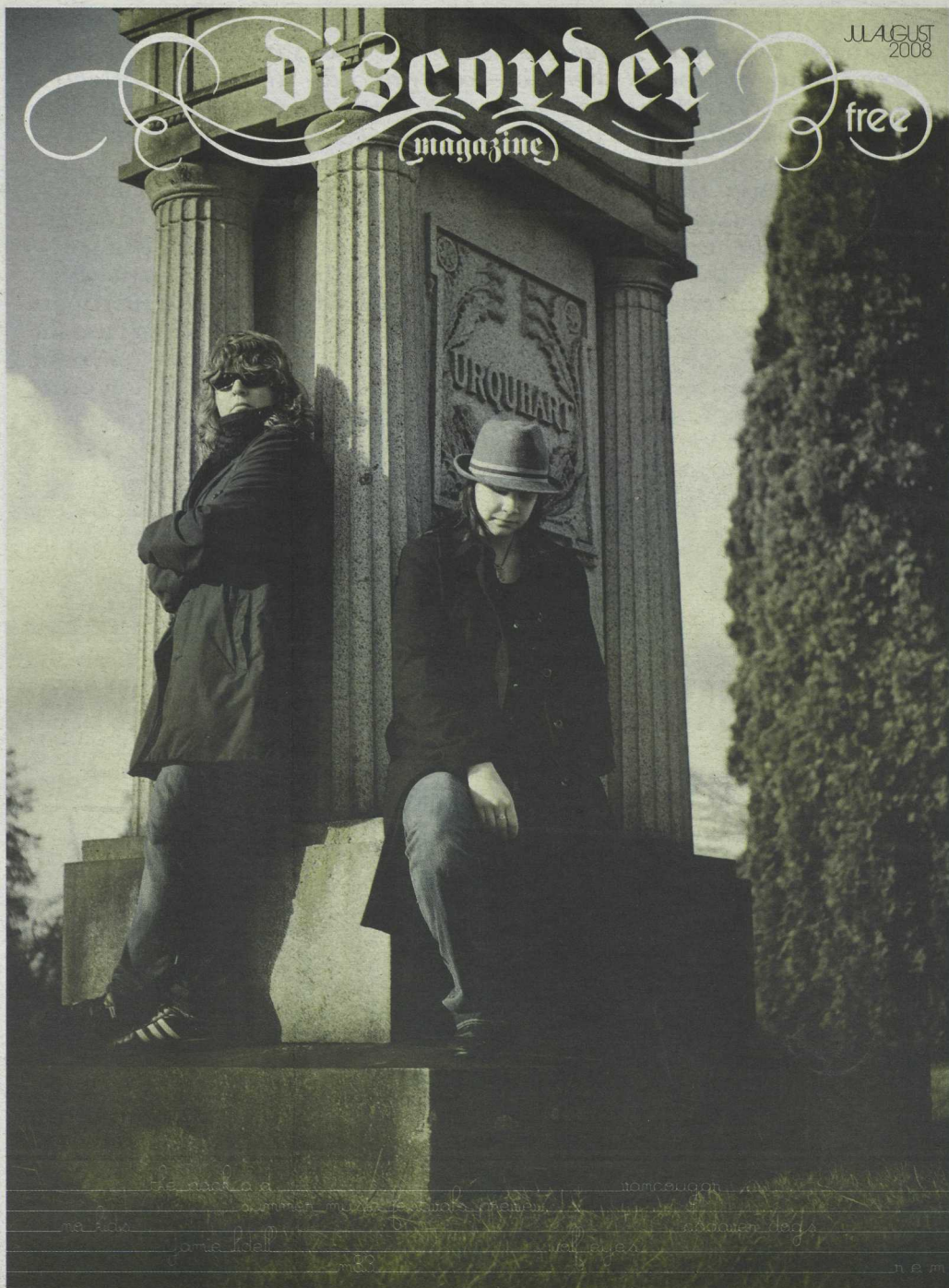


discorder

magazine

JULY
2008

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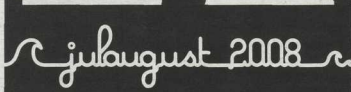
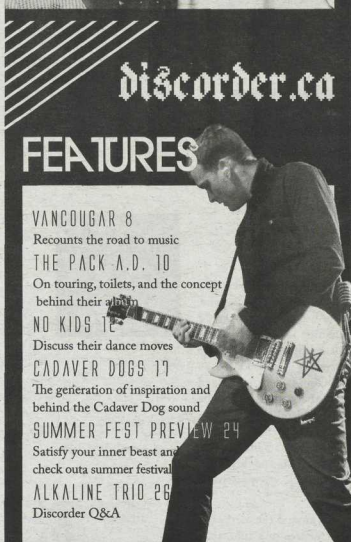
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Discorder Q&A

Mention summer and thoughts turn toward.... endings? Perhaps this makes sense, as although the summer equinox is the longest day of the year, it also signifies that light has reached its apex and is slowly winding down. Without any deliberate orchestration, many of the pieces in this issue touch on demise in one form or another: the Pack A.D.'s new release, Alkaline Trio's musings on the afterlife, and reviews of Kurt Cobain's *Journals* and a film about Ian Curtis, *Control*.

The voyage into the winter realms does not always have to be an exercise in despair. One would have to look no further than the joyful crowd, some in tuxedos and others in Hawaiian shirts, who relinquished the fleeting Vancouver sunshine to gather at the Railway Club on the afternoon of June 14th. People laughed, told jokes and celebrated the life of Dave Watson, the *Georgia Straight* columnist who got his start in journalism by writing for *Discorder*. It is a testament to a remarkable individual when the occasion of their death unites a room in the shared bonds of laughter, as well as serving as a great reminder of the power of the written word to forge bonds and create a sense of community.

The generosity of spirit within the writing community was very much alive for this issue of *Discorder*. Jumping into the job of interim editor after one month as Under Review editor was definitely an act of faith, as the magazine is built upon the generosity of time and spirit of the staff, all volunteers. Many people, some whom I had never met, others I barely knew, offered their assistance. Departing editor Nat Jay generously donated a few hours of her time for handover, even though she was about to go on tour. Brenda Grunau, CITR's new station manager, provided support even while adjusting to her own new role. Duncan M. McHugh, a former *Discorder* interim editor himself, gave me free reign with conceptualization and organization of the magazine, but was kind enough to act as editorial advisor and jumped in to lend a hand whenever anything else needed doing.

Gestures don't have to be grandiose or exemplify perfection to make a difference in the lives of others. Often it is the simplest actions which are truly the most helpful and meaningful. I would like to dedicate this issue to the experiences and people whose simple acts of kindness have made us who we are, and whose energy lives through us and our interactions with others. This one's for you.

Melissa Smith, Interim Editor

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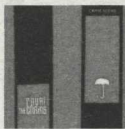
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riff

riff
BY
BRYCE
DUNN

Greetings record hounds! More than your usual batch this time out as we have to cram as much filling into this over-stuffed Oreo of a column as possible.

To begin, hot off the press and into my hands, the Zip Guns burst forth, dual guitars a-blaizin' on their debut EP, which includes four songs that mix the punk with the rock. This music doesn't just sit there waiting for you to listen, it grabs you by the scruff of your neck and shakes you 'til your ears bleed. "Dirty Pictures" starts out vicious and quick, with some crackin' drum work and sturdy bass riffage, then barrels headlong into the Saints-inspired "Lookin' For Love." Following on the flip side is "Speedway," which takes the opening chords of the Dictators' "Stay With Me" and puts the hammer down, finally screaming to a halt with a decent cover of the Lurkers' "I'm On Heat." This EP is a perfect complement to the feeling you get when you've been run over by a souped-up roadster occupied by these five fanatics of stripped-down, street-level rock 'n' roll. Spray the champagne boys, you've got a winner here. (Mesty Beaty Records, www.longshotmusic.com/mbtr or, hell, just contact the band for a copy).



Another local release from the opposite side of the strip is the dark-wave stylings of Twin Crystals and their *Two Girls* EP. Featuring the prolific talents of Jesse Taylor (Terrorbird, Channels 3X4, Cheerleader Camp, Reflektions, should I go on?), this trio invokes the spirit of pseudo-industrial and synth-punk acts of the past like Alien Sex Fiend and Skinny Puppy, but would not be out-of-place nestled next to contemporaries the Lost Sounds or the Vanishing, or past Vancouver bands like A Luna Red or Primes if push came to shove. The title track showcases some creepy keyboard flourishes with skittish drums and subtle guitar picking, while "Trinity" and "Safety" raise the Reznor radar a few notches with their screamy vocals and punctuated blasts of synth for maximum moeponess. I dig it. (Summer Lovers Unlimited, check it on myspace, kids.)

Next, we have a cruel joke etched on wax, and by that I mean how the hell did Chris Applegren get to appear on a split seven inch with both of his past bands? Sure, you may think you're listening to the Old Haunts from Olympia on one side, with their garage pop tune "Out Of Sight," but instead it's the Peechees (circa *Games People Play*) doing their thing in the same vein, I kid you not. It may SAY Tobi Vail (yes THAT Tobi Vail) plays drums, but c'mon, it's really Molly Neuman: I'd recognize that swing-style drumbeat anywhere. You turn it over and you get Red Eyed Legends, a Chicago group who—let's face it—are the Pattern (Applegren's neo-garage outfit with recordings on label Alternative Tentacles) in disguise, with their art-punk damaged track "Monsters." Same punk-rock-paced staccato guitar breaks, same off-kilter whiny vocals—don't try to tell me different. (Nodak Records, www.myspace.com/nodakrecords).

Two bands on the same label, and from the same city, are Vivian Girls and the Royal Chains. The former are currently stealing hearts and crushing them under their heels with a recent single of fuzzy pop jangle. "Wild Eyes" is a barely two-minute twee delight, bringing to mind the Shop Assistants or Tiger Trap, if they weren't so straight-laced and their masacara was a little blotchier. "My Baby Wants Me Dead" recalls like-minded New Yorkers the Rogers Sisters, with its galloping garage stomp morphing into a spaced out mid-section, where shimmering word harmonies just barely break the haze. Word on the street is that hipper-than-thou label, In the Red Records will release a full-length Vivian Girls album in the fall. The Royal Chains penchant for pop hooks is apparent on the all syrupy A-side "No Love In Your Punctures" with its Zombies-like guitar tones and near-falsetto vocal delivery. The flipside is decidedly more Brit-pop in execution—double hi-hat and danceable. Fans of Franz will undoubtedly "get it." You should, too. (Plays With Dolls Records, 226 Knickerbocker Ave #38 Brooklyn N.Y. USA 11237).

A special shout-out goes to our next group the River City Tanlines. Who else but these brilliant minds from Memphis (mostly Alicia Trout, but kudos to her band too) would change the lyrics of the Painted Ship's classic "And She Said Yes" to "He Said Yes" and still retain the gritty garage pound of the original? Not only were we impressed, but so too was the writer of that tune, William Hay of the Painted Ship himself, who donated a copy to the station! Not to be outdone, "Modern Friction" is a curious blend of mid-tempo glam rock riffs and brooding new wave undertones, but an interesting listen if one takes the time. There's a little something special going on with every RCT release, and this is one is no exception. Check it! (Savage Records, www.myspace.com/savagemag).

Finally, fresh from geostationary orbit around the earth, the Laundronauts jettisoned their debut platter in a tube sock wrapped pod, smelling of roses. After listening to their three-song EP, similarities began to surface with Supernova, who crash-landed on our planet a few years ago and who successfully made it back into space thanks to our generous offerings of tinfoil. Their quirky garage punk songs covered such illustrious topics as the rigours of math, their love for vitamins and the wonder of elevators. The Laundronauts keep it simple with their fascination of the household chore everyone loves to hate, but musically speaking, they share a lot in common with their space brothers before them. "Hard Water" brims with a Sonics-style energy and deals with washing (or a relationship, I'm still not sure which) to great effect, while "That Kind Of Laundry" has more of a country-boppin' vibe to it. "Outta My Head!" has the band studying the songbook of the Mummies for a lo-fi take on the girl who got away and took the soap with her. Until such time as everyone on Planet Earth learns the difference between "delicates" and "unmentionables," the Laundronauts will continue their assault on our ears and we will obey. (Spincycle Records, www.myspace.com/thelaundronauts).

That should be enough to tide you over—see you in September!



film

CONTROL

WILL TEAR YOU APART

stripped by dan lumane

Control is the 2007 feature film debut by Anton Corbijn, the Dutch photographer-turned video director-turned film director. Anyone who remembers Corbijn-directed videos for Nirvana's "Heart-Shaped Box," U2's "One," or Depeche Mode's "Personal Jesus" knows that he has a knack for memorable, intense imagery, and the most immediate element of *Control* is the stark and stunning look of the film; presented in crisp, beautiful black and white, each shot looks amazing. But Corbijn also shows himself to be a masterful storyteller, crafting an excellent film and eliciting brilliant performances from every member of the cast.

Control follows Joy Division, the seminal and iconic post-punk band that formed in Manchester in 1976 and became New Order after the death of their lead singer and songwriter, Ian Curtis, in 1980, weeks before the release of their second album. For a detailed look at the music and career of Joy Division the band, viewers would be better served by Grant Gee's 2007 documentary, simply titled *Joy Division*, but *Control* is ultimately the story of Ian Curtis, and it is a brilliant, engrossing and tragic tale. For the central role of Curtis, Corbijn wisely chose an unknown actor in the form of Sam Riley, frontman of Leeds-based band 10,000 Things, who—in addition to his Northern English heritage—also bears a stunning physical resemblance to Curtis.

The other three members of Joy Division (Peter Hook, Bernard Sumner, and Stephen Morris) are played by a trio of talented young actors (Joe Anderson, James Anthony Pearson, and Harry Treadaway, respectively), who rehearsed with Riley for two weeks and became so tight playing together, the director chose to use their performances in the film. Riley's musical channeling of Ian Curtis is amazing, right down to his bizarre, frantic dancing. A key scene in the film has Joy Division making their first televised appearance, performing "Transmission," and when Riley lets out, "And we could DA-A-A-ANCE," it is truly goosebump-inducing. But Riley does more than mere impersonation. Portraying Ian from his school days until his suicide at age 23, Riley's performance is incredibly affecting and impressive. Samantha Morton is equally captivating as Deborah, Ian's high school sweetheart, young bride, long-suffering wife, and eventual widow.

Control is partially based on Deborah Curtis's memoir about her life with Ian, *Touching From a Distance*, and this lends an air of authenticity to the film. Corbijn knew (and acted as photographer to) Joy Division, as did Control producer Tony Wilson, the record label owner who "discovered" the band. The crew actually filmed in the house in which Deborah and Ian lived, which was also where Ian hanged himself on the eve of Joy Division's first US tour.

This is an impressive and promising debut for both Riley and Corbijn. In many ways, *Control* is like the music of its subject: stark, jarring, painful, depressing, yet strangely beautiful. And totally unforgettable. **D**

REGULAR

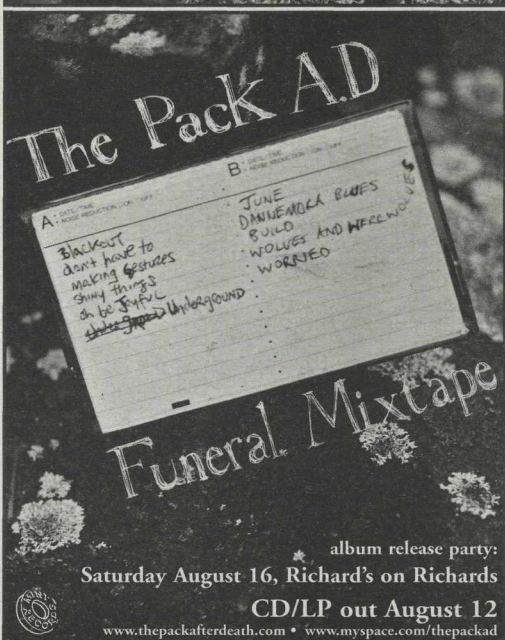


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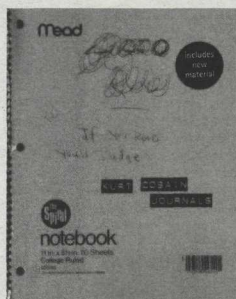
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Textually Active

lay mine walkin

Kurt Cobain Journals
[Riverhead Books, 2002]



Perhaps it is a bit unusual to be seeing an impassioned review of Kurt Cobain's *Journals* these days, but the lingering pain and sadness of Nirvana's frontman resonates strongly still. Written in the author's childish, chicken-scratch hand, Cobain's honesty shines through in his writing. He narrates the course of the band's history and their rise to fame, with side discussions of love and sex, and other deeply personal avenues of introspection. Spiritual and sprawling, *Journals* is an intimate posthumous look into the complicated balance between rock 'n' roll, the personal alienation of fame, and the dark world of drug addiction.

The everlasting image of Cobain is that of a man tortured by the conflicted personalities he could not reconcile; the depressed, social outcast and the rockstar, dawning in the age of the grunge.

Aside from reading his first-hand accounts of living the life of a terminally-depressed heroin addict, *Journals* shows Kurt's struggle between the massive dichotomies he sets up in his own mind. Caught between right and wrong, fleeting happiness and self-induced torture, the rock star and the junkie, Cobain struggles to identify himself through these polar opposites. This theme is even prefaced on the first page of the diary as he writes:

"Don't read my diary when I'm gone.....OK, I'm going to work now, when you wake up this morning, please read my diary. Look through my things, and figure me out."

It's conceivable that most musicians become somewhat troubled by the cost of fame, but Kurt's radical split makes the whole of *Journals* so incredibly fascinating as it samples from the extremes of his psychological states. Cobain's need to be validated in a different way seems unclear even to himself, and is worthy of an Aronofsky film; bafflingly contradictory and amazing, too.

It's not hard to imagine how the lower-middle class Aberdeen, WA youth, who grew up in a rural logging community, could become the beacon for tormented American youth of the early '90s. Dancing between a nihilistic and a utopic, Buddhist vision of the world, Kurt writes openly about other, more personal matters in a way that simultaneously repulses and attracts. In one particularly gruesome entry he writes about a girl that attempts to have intercourse with him in junior high. When he asks if she's done it before she replies, "Many times, mainly with my cousin." This incident causes the frightened, yet sexually curious adolescent boy to develop an unusual obsession with the female reproductive system and images of fetuses. Upon returning to school, his classmates call him the "retard f'cker," and Cobain's persona of social reject is quickly adopted. This honesty pervades the entirety of *Journals*; Cobain's poetic sensitivity is but a glimmer amongst a backdrop of the corporate American music industry, accompanied by scribbles of recipes for fried chicken and french toast.

Journals creates the overall impression of a neglected, insecure musician becoming increasingly uneasy with his fame. The tattered journal entries parallel the conflict and confusion voiced by a scrawny yet soulful individual, who represented the impotence of his generation through the strained throaty textures of his music. **D**

textually active

The bar

by Chris Brandt

What came first—the devil or the egg? In the proverbial dark alleys of the music industry, there is one shadowy figure that has always scared a major label executive walking unescorted at night—commercial radio.

"Radio is the devil" is a common retort to the assertion that major labels are solely responsible for any perceived decline in the quality of music on the radio. For the purposes of our discussion here, let's leave college/independent/satellite/etc. out of the debate and let "radio" refer to mainstream commercial radio.

Let's start with the cloning of superstar artists. Who is to blame for musical genres (grunge, boy bands, ska, teenage pop princesses) that fish too deep and too exhaustively in a limited talent pool? Keep in mind that major labels are publicly traded companies that must turn a profit every quarter. If commercial radio is only playing Britney Spears, it is counterintuitive from a business point of view to sign an artist like Ron Sexsmith. It does not matter how brilliant the artist is, or how much marketing money is dedicated to promotion. If radio is playing platinum blonde teen-pop, then you have to invest in that model. This is why new genres in pop music rise so quickly and are so all encompassing of the airwaves—every label is perpetually searching for a carbon copy of the current big thing. To take advantage of the momentum of a genre, they can rarely afford to wait for their artist to be the next big thing.

Radio is full of sheep. The majority of stations will not add a song regardless of how good it is, until stations with similar formats in LA, NYC, etc. have made the leap. Music Directors who actually add (not feature) local music to their playlists should be canonized. Canadian radio didn't always follow the US. When Canadian radio mimicked the UK, we benefited from a more varied musical appetite, where a new album was at number one on the sales charts every week. Now, the same album (or worse, a soundtrack) can remain on top of the US charts for weeks, or even months. Keep in mind that radio is not about music—it is about selling advertising. Advertisers pushing to have their commercials placed next to the established hits add to this glacial pace of change.

Bemoan it all you want, there is genius in the harnessing of the momentum of the herd. Nickelback do all they can to promote bands that sound just like them. These bands are not competition, but rather placeholders—there to ensure that radio charts don't change too much while Nickelback is out of the picture recording a new album. They learned this lesson from Kiss, who donate costumes and props to Kiss tribute bands. These tribute bands keep the Kiss Army salivating between tours, as they often go on tour just before the real act announces a show, just to get the masses primed. Just because it hurts your ears, doesn't mean that it isn't brilliant.

Commercial radio will never be brilliant; it can't afford to take risks. That is why classic rock stations, that play NO new music, have popped up into almost every major radio market. Vancouver is going to be getting its first "adult album alternative" (AAA) radio station, as the insanity of going head to head in the same format finally subsides and a new station brings in a radio format that doesn't exist here instead. Consistently in Vancouver, radio stations would rather fight for a piece of an established pie than open a brand new bakery. There simply are not enough wolves to make a dent in this many sheep. **D**

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photo by dave gounaris

What happens when the vocalist (Eden Finey) of four-piece Vancouver goes on her honeymoon just before the release of the band's latest album *Canadian Tuxedo*? The other ladies get nostalgic and ruminate on the path that brought them to their own true love, music!

megan johnson:

My interest in music started with my dad. He plays guitar, and before I started school, he spent time touring Canada, sending me postcards from places like Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump, Alberta. I dreamt of the day I could get on a tour bus and travel cross-country, although I had no idea how I'd get there. I took piano lessons, but I never considered how that could help me join a band. So I carried on playing with Jem and the Holograms dolls and shrieking along to Cyndi Lauper records, creating a vivid fantasy of my grown-up life ahead.

In grade two, I decided to make up a dance routine for the school talent show. I remember doing handsprings in front of my music class, making it up as I went along. After the audition, my teacher took me aside. "Megan," he said, "I think your dance was alright, but we can't accept you into the talent show, because 'Like A Virgin' is not an appropriate song." I didn't even know what a virgin was at that point, but I suppose he was right. I continued with piano lessons until practicing and playing recitals stopped being fun. As a last-ditch attempt to keep me interested, my teacher promised to assign me a pop song. She chose Whitney Houston's "The Greatest Love of All." I quit within a few weeks.

My mom said I'd never play again, and for years she was right. It wasn't until I moved to Vancouver and went to my first D.I.Y. show that I realized that those piano lessons had an application outside of a recital theatre. Now, when I think about the grown-up version of myself I'd pictured as a kid, it makes me happy I wasn't too far off.

ed rose:

In the summer of 1988, I was a thirteen-year-old tomboy nerd, just about to enter the gates of hell some people refer to as high school. Lucky for me, the album that was about to change my life for good had just come out, and thanks to a hopeless crush on a cute drummer in my class, I discovered Guns N' Roses' *Appetite For Destruction*, a.k.a. the Most Beloved Rock Sleaze Album Ever. Being the young, impressionable and obsessive girl that I was, I immediately wall-papered my walls with glossies of Axl, Slash, Duff, Izzy and Steve in a myriad of drunken, sloppy poses. Their bandanas, ripped jeans and leather jackets became my wardrobe. Their bottles of Jack became my drink of choice. Most importantly, their music became the soundtrack to my teenage life.

Now I'll be the first to agree that Axl Rose is a world-class asshole. We've all heard about the wife abuse and the racist and homophobic remarks and the megalomania. But back then, he was my world. How I managed to survive as a strong, independent woman I'll never know. What I do know is that for about three years I listened to that album at least once a day. I still have the original cassette tape that I bought at the mall that summer with my allowance. The ink has rubbed off, but the tape still plays flawlessly.

Say what you will about the offensive lyrics, rip-off guitar licks and out-of-date hair metal images, that debut album is one of the most solid, focused and potent punches in the face the music industry has ever received. There were many moments in my life that influenced me to listen to and appreciate music or to pick up an instrument and maybe take a lesson or two. But that album made me want to master the drums, hop in a van with the boys (or girls, as it turned out to be) and sweat my face off every night on stage. I would probably be a doctor or lawyer or something else intellectually stimulating and financially lucrative, wearing khakis and feeding little Timmy his last spoonful of mashed carrots, but instead, I have tattoos, drive a work van and play rock 'n' roll music.

OUTGEAR



in words



becca stewart:

Sometime during my teens I really got into '90s "mod," with Fred Perry shirts and Brit Pop music. I dyed my hair black and wore only vintage clothes from the '60s and heavy, black liquid eyeliner. My best friend Karin and I spent countless hours in North Van getting dressed up, taking pictures and planning for all the cool shit we were going to do once we moved away from our parents. She was the best artist in our high school and had an obvious future in photography. She already had a thing that made her cool and interesting at parties. I thought I was boring next to her. I felt like I needed a "thing."

I started saving money for a Vespa. I thought I could join an Italian scooter gang. Not a gang of Italian people who ride scooters; a bunch of really, stylish people who ride Italian scooters. Maybe some of them could also be Italian. Anyways, that part doesn't matter. The important thing is that we would all look amazing and '60s. My dad didn't find the idea quite so romantic. He was convinced that the combination of me and a motorized vehicle equalled certain death (in his defence, he was probably right). After some dramatic arguing and graphic descriptions of motorcycle accidents, he forbade me.

Since I had already saved some money from my job at Fanny's Fabrics, I decided to buy a bass guitar. Karin's dad was a guitar player and he had recently been trying to teach us some riffs. He gave me some key advice about guitar brands and models. The guy at the music store gave me my first lesson. I learned "Alright" by Supergrass and "Wonderwall" by Oasis. My parents have always been very supportive of this endeavour because I haven't died. True story. **D**

With a nod to synchronicity, Canadian Tuxedo hits the streets July 8th. Vancouver's CD release party is on Friday, July 11th at the Biltmore Cabaret.

The party that everyone is talking about! SIN CITY FETISH NIGHT

Saturday July 12 • Club 23 West

Church Of Sin

Naughty Nuns, Pervy Priests, Saucy Succubi, Fallen Angels, Catholic Schoolgirls & Choirboys... devilish decorations, sexy, sacrilegious visuals and prizes for best costumes of the night make the Church Of Sin one of the naughtiest and most popular of the Sin City themed events of the year! Any fetish outfit will do, but matching the Church Of Sin theme is highly encouraged!



SATURDAY JULY 26 RICHARDS ON RICHARDS SIN CITY'S 7 YEAR ANNIVERSARY FETISH SEXTRAVAGANZA

ADVANCE TICKETS ONLINE AT SINCITYFETISHNIGHT.COM.
NEW WORLD DESIGNS, LITTLE SISTER'S, ZULU RECORDS,
SCRAPE RECORDS, FLAMING ANGELS AND AT ALL SIN CITY
AND SANCTUARY PARTIES, EVERY SATURDAY AT CLUB 23 WEST.
THIS EVENT WILL SELL OUT, SO GRAB YOUR TICKETS EARLY!
DOORS 9 PM, PARTY TO 2 AM, AFTERPARTY LOCATION TBA!

the 7 Deadly Sins

HOSTED BY MR. DARK WITH DJS
PANDEMONIUM : BETTI FORDE : R-LEX
FETISH & BURLESQUE PERFORMANCES BY
DIAMOND MINX : JENNY MAGENTA : BURGUNDY BRICK
JACQUELINE TYRACEK : LITTLE MISS RISK
PIERCING PERFORMANCE & DEMOS BY
RUSS FOX (THE FALL) : JESSE LONGBEAR (FUNHOUSE)
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ATRATUS (GOTHIC BC) : TESSA BEEBE

Saturday August 9 • Club 23 West



Fetish vendors / decorations / visuals / photo booth
2 rooms of DJs & dancing plus the play dungeon
All parties hosted by Mr. Dark with resident DJs
Pandemonium, Betti Forde, R-Lex, Pyxis, Rhiannon,
Craig Allan & guests! 23 West Cordova / 9pm-3am

Saturday August 23 • Club 23 West

Sin City celebrates men loving women, women loving men,
men loving men and women loving women. It's the Sin City

GENDER BLENDER

Cross-dressing highly encouraged - prizes for best costumes!



STRICT FETISH DRESS CODE AT ALL PARTIES. NO EFFORT = NO ENTRY!

Dress code suggestions, online ticket purchasing,
photo galleries and outrageous videos from
previous parties at :

WWW.SINCITYFETISHNIGHT.COM



PACKING IT IN

The Pack A.D. on touring, toilets, and the concept behind their sophomore release



BY
MELISSA SMITH

photos by mark maryanovich



Listening to the recording of my interview with the Pack A.D., I am amazed at the amount of laughter I heard. Here are two women with reputations as hard-living, drink-swilling, hell-raisers, and yet the playback sounds more like a chat amongst friends. Singer and guitarist Becky Black, who is initially the shy member of the duo, also seems to be a bit more raucous than band/best mate Maya Miller, drummer and chief organizer for the group. While I suspect there is some truth to those rumours of their hard-living ways, like true professionals they underplay their offstage antics and choose to discuss their new album and recently completed UK tour—first.

It is an exciting time for the Pack A.D. They have a new website and are releasing their second album *Funeral Mixtape*, on August 12th. Their first effort, *Tintype*, has been lavishly praised by both fans and reviewers alike, and their live shows always promise a good time. Worryingly, a common occurrence for the Pack A.D. both here and stateside are the backhanded compliments they receive for putting on such a great show, despite being female. They hear, "I thought you were going to suck because you're both girls but you were actually really good," frequently enough that they are no longer surprised that this sentiment is meant as an accolade. When I ask Maya if the band encountered the same form of congratulations on their recent UK tour, she confirms my suspicions that this is indeed a North American experience.

As you might expect from three women sitting around chatting over afternoon coffee, talk soon turns to excrement. While staying at a friend and fellow musician's flat in Brighton, the only toilet in the place got blocked. It was a full house and there wasn't a plunger to be found. What to do? Well if you're Becky Black, you muck in, literally. "I like to fix things so I stuck my hands in and fixed it." When confronted by my incredulous stare, Maya chips in, "The toilet wasn't working and I was hoping, and I pretty much knew that sooner or later Becky would fix it because she likes a challenge."

The topic continues with conversations encompassing dodgy Vancouver toilets, Parisian sidewalks and the poo book Becky had on tour with her, in which artists traverse urban centres, decorating and then photographing offerings of the fecal kind. Of notable mention: poo with sprinkles, poo with headphones and—the undisputed favourite—"Strangers on a Train," which features feces standing in for a train car as part of a toy train set. Now that's definitely one thing you won't see at the Railway.

Unlike many bands who bemoan the boredom of touring, the Pack A.D. are very proactive, and when not perusing scatological literature, put their travel downtime to good use. Maya has just finished a horror/comedy screenplay about killer squirrels that will contain a scene in which the band plays, should the film reach the production stage. Becky draws and composes haikus, the following composed at 4 a.m., after a show in Nottingham: "If you lose your mind/And it's nowhere to be found/You can borrow mine."

When I comment that their sophomore effort seems a bit mellower, Maya explains,

"The luxury of doing an album is that we are able to put on a few mellower songs which we probably wouldn't play live. When people come out they don't want to hear that."

This sentiment is evidenced by their recent show at the Anza Club, complete with stage divers and moshers, which is a bit unexpected for a blues band, even one that contains elements of garage rock. But true to their image, the Pack A.D. played on, looking cool as can be while chaos surrounded them and was, at times, literally inches away.

The band is still touring *Tintype* but is looking forward to playing new material for its album release at Richard's on Richards on August 16th. Becky states, "Some of the old material is starting to feel a bit stale. We can't wait to play our new songs but we have been saving them for the release party. Most of our new songs have never been played live before." Much like the concept albums of the '60s and '70s, *Funeral Mixtape* is built around a thematic centre, which arose from a conversation between the two friends about what sort of music they would want played at their own funerals. What they both agreed on is that they wanted their transition to be joyful, rather than a sad affair.

The interview comes to a conclusion when a honey-voiced, dreadlocked musician sets up stage and begins to sing a beautiful cover of Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah." This unexpected event is quite fitting, as it personifies the Pack A.D. and their approach to music: the reworking of an old favorite, the disingenuity between expectations and appearance, and the fact that you go through life feeling a bit better just for having heard it. **D**

SIX THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT THE PACK A.D.

The Pack A.D. derived from a 4 piece with 2 male members that split amicably after one summer.

Becky and Maya are collaborating on a comic book which features some of their friends as characters.

Funeral Mixtape will be released on black vinyl as Becky is not a fan of coloured vinyl.

Maya is currently obsessed with the word "bullion" (as in a hunk of gold, not broth) and tries to work the word into conversations whenever possible.

The Pack A.D. once played a show at a bowling alley in Kamloops. At the end of the night, their bar tab was higher than what they were paid.

Becky and Maya fantasized about mailing one critic poo (minus the sprinkles I'm sure).

♥ no kids in the house ♥

THE VANCOUVER TRIO SITS DOWN WITH DISCORDER TO DISCUSS R&B, THEIR FANTASTIC ALBUM AND THEIR DANCE MOVES



words by
duncan m. mcHugh
photo by justin kellam

It was my attempt at having a RZA, Wu-Tang moment," says Nick Krgovich. "But it's more Sade and Mary J. Blige than Wu-Tang."

Nick's referring to "Bluster in the Air." It's one of the highlights of *Come Into My House*, the first album by No Kids, his new band with keyboardist Julia Chirka and drummer Justin Kellam. Not that the band members are new to each other.

Julia, Justin and Nick were three quarters of local pop darlings Pano. When the fourth member, Larissa Loyva left the band (she now performs as Kellarissa), the remaining members decided to change directions.

"Larissa and I started [Pano] when I was in high school," says Nick, "and the idea of being in the band you started in high school for the rest of your life was such a bum out that I really needed to take a minute and think about what we wanted to do. It felt like it was time to start again."

Nick took the name No Kids from a dormant band he had formed with Stefan Udell (ex-Beans). "Sitting around thinking up band names is one of the worst things on earth," he says. "I thought this one was good, and it was just sitting there."

With a grant from the Canada Council, No Kids recorded the album at Vancouver's Hive Studio. For those familiar with the baroque pop melodies of Pano, the Wu-Tang comparisons may come as a surprise.

While some of *Come Into My House's* songs would be at home on a Pano album, the band has pushed themselves to new places. This includes using sequencers, electronic-sounding drums (which, Justin is quick to point out, is actually "heavily-treated acoustic drums... very gated, Cindy Lauper-esque") and an embrace of R&B, particularly on "Bluster" and the incredible "The Beaches All Closed."

"[Beaches] was the last song that we recorded for the record and it was me being, 'Okay, we have to fully look head-on at all of the R&B inclinations we've had and not dance around it, just do it,'" says Nick, "an avowed fan of Sade and early Janet Jackson. "And we wouldn't have been able to make that song had we not

made the 11 songs that preceded it. We wouldn't have known how to arrive there."

Come Into My House was released this past February by the formidable German label Tomlab. When asked why they chose a label in Europe, the band was unanimous: Jan Lankisch, Tomlab's co-owner and its head of art direction.

"When Pano was looking for a label for *Brigadoon*, I think we sent them a copy," says Nick. "Jan really liked them. We became friends." Of Tomlab, Nick says: "They're totally amazing people. They put out really good records, and they put a lot of care and attention into the packaging."

This is evident with a look at *Come Into My House*. Nick's "perfect cover" for the album was an Alex Katz painting from the 1960s. Through a stroke of luck, the Jablonka Galerie in Cologne—Tomlab's hometown—held the rights to the painting and the label was able to license "Ives Field #1 (1964)."

"The fee wasn't outrageous. To me, it's my favourite thing about the album, the cover," says Nick.

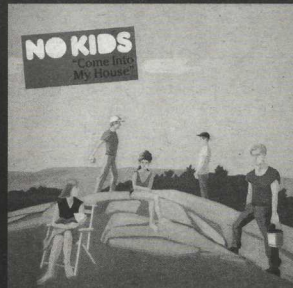
The album has garnered a lot of attention, as has No Kids' live show. "Unlike with Pano," says Justin, "for the first time people have been coming to us and saying, 'Do you want to go do this [show or tour]?'"

No Kids recently returned from a successful European tour with Mt. Erie and, earlier this year, they toured with "one of the best band in the universe," the Dirty Projectors.

"It was quite eye-opening" says Justin. "We did [our first] three or four shows at SXSW, and it was like watching three cats with broken legs try to catch a mouse... Within two shows of playing with the Dirty Projectors everything got super tight."

They've even started to dance onstage. "Jan from Tomlab says Julia has rasta moves," Nick says. "I do," admits Julia with a laugh. "It's so natural though. It's just what I do."

No Kids will be in Vancouver for the summer, working their non-musical jobs. They plan to play some shows in town in the early fall (a planned show this spring was cancelled) and then head back out on tour. **D**



The members of No Kids have other bands to look after, too. Justin's band Duplex is headed into the studio early next year to record a bunch of new songs.

Gigi, a Vancouver '60s/Wall-of-Sound-style supergroup that they all play in, will have an album out next year

("Says Axl Rose," jokes Justin). On top of that, Julia and Nick's To Bad Catholics, who were on tour with Casiotone for the Painfully Alone last fall, have an album in the can that Scratch Records will distribute as soon as Nick gives them copies.

Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
FILL IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	FILL-IN	THE SATURDAY EDGE
GIVE 'EM THE BOOT			SYNCHRONICITY	
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	FILL IN	SWEET AND HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	
FILL IN	THE GREEN MAJORITY	WE ALL FALL DOWN	THE BROADCAST	POWERCHORD
LAUGH TRACKS	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
REEL TO REAL	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS				
WINGS	CANADIAN VOICES	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
WENER'S BBQ		PEDAL REVOLUTION	FILL-IN	NASHA VOLNA
FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT		SHADOW JUGGLERS
SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
CAUGHT IN THE RED	JUICEBOX	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	RAINBOW GROOVE	
	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	FILL IN	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
AURAL TENTACLES	CITR RE-BROADCAST	CITR RE-BROADCAST	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	CITR REBROADCAST
			CITR RE-BROADCAST	

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc.
Recommended for the insane.
artcorpse@yahoo.com
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL
(Live Music) 9-11pm
Featuring live bands! every week performing in the comfort of the CITR Lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world are nice enough to drop by to say hi.
BBC 11:30pm-1:30am

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)
10am-12pm
Canada's longest running Ska radio program. Email requests to: djska_v@hotmail.com
THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)
12-1pm
Top notch crate digger DJ Art Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.
beatstreet@telus.net
THE BROADCAST 1-2pm
Bert Fede has been a pro DJ for over a decade. She's dayplayed throughout the world in places like Paris, Berlin, Rome and Malmo. She couldn't be happier to be back at CITR with The Broadcast, showcasing women in music.
RADIO ZERO (Eclectic) 2-3:30pm
We play an international mix of super-fresh weekend party jams from new-wave to foreign electro, balle, Bollywood, and whatever else we

feel like.
www.radiozero.com
HARDWEAR (Hardwear) 3:30-5pm
Join Nardwear the Human Survivor for an hour and a half of Clam Chowder flavoured entertainment. Doot doola doot doo ... doot doo!
nardwear@nardwear.com
NEWS 101 (Talk) 5-6pm
AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World) 7:30-9pm
RAINBOW GROOVE (Dance/Electronic) 9-10:30pm
Getting you in the mood for the weekend, DJ BFAD presents a kaleidoscope of funky grooves for your mind, body & soul
SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER
(Soul/R'n'B) 10:30-12am
The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits and lost soul gems.
I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic) 12-2am
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from

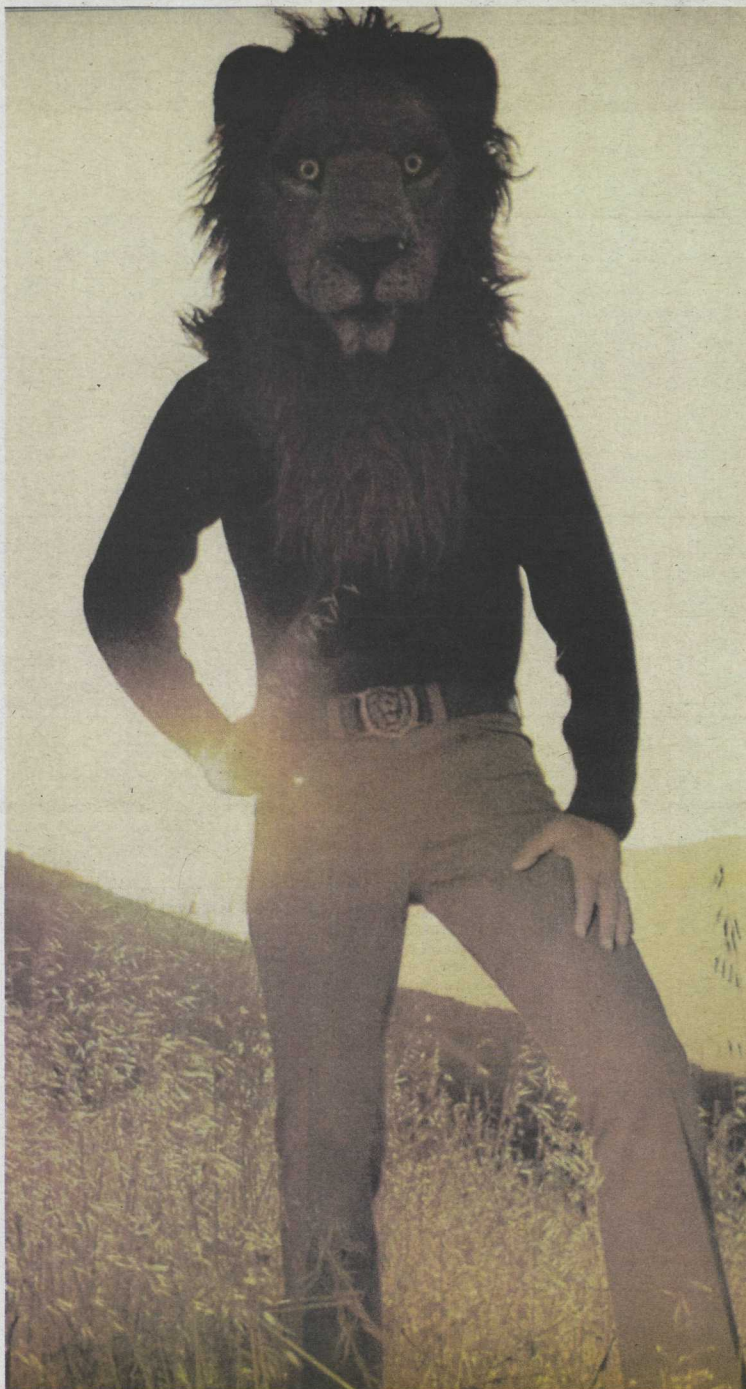
the internet. 10% discount for callers who
SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)
8am-12pm
Now in its 22nd year on CITR, The Saturday edge is a personal guide to world & roots music—with African, Latin and European music in the first half, followed by Celtic, blues, songwriters, Cajun and whatever else fits!
staveedge@mac.com
GENERATION ANNIHILATION
(Punk) 12-1pm
A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.
crashburnradio@yahoo.ca
POWER CHORD (Metal) 1-3pm
Vancouver's longest running metal show on the air. If you're into music that's on the heavier/darker side of the spectrum, then you'll like Power Chord. Sonic as-

sault* provided by Metal Ron, Gerald Rattlehead and Geoff the Metal Pimp.
CODE BLUE (Roots) 3-5pm
From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.
codeblue@buddy-system.org
THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World) 5-6pm
The best of mix of Latin American music.
leoramirez@canada.com
NASHA VOLNA (World) 6-7pm
News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.
http://nashavolna.ca
SHADOW JUGGLERS
(Dance/Electronic) 7-8pm
This eclectic show welcomes you to broaden your musical knowledge with DJs MR. Socool, Soco & guests. We work across musical genres including electronic and club-based music, which are rarely introduced into mainstream musical culture. Travel through world sounds.

myspace.com/shadowjugglers
SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
(Dance/Electronic/Eclectic) 9-11pm
Every show is full of electro bleeps, retrowave, computer generated, synthetically manipulated aural rhythms. If you like everything from electro/bachno/ trance/8bit music/retro '80s this is the show for you!
www.synapticandwich.net
BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
(Hip Hop) 11pm-1am
Hosted by J-Boogie and Joelboy, promising listeners the latest tracks, the classics, the rare and the obscure, current events, and the special features of peeps coming into the studio. Most importantly listeners can expect to be entertained... church.
klymkiw@gmail.com

FRIDAY
FILL-IN (Eclectic) 8-9am
SYNCHRONICITY 9-10pm
Join host Marie B and discuss spirituality, health and feeling good. Tune in and tap in to good vibrations that help you remember why you're here: to have fun! This is not your average spirituality show.



sunday

monday

6 Harrison Festival of the Arts @ Harrison, BC Parlor Mob @ The Media Club	7 Kode9 @ Richard's on Richards
13 Sarah Evans @ MMMF	14 Newton Faulkner @ The 1
20 Hayley Sales @ VFMF Jully Black @ Surrey Fusion Festival	21 The Modelos w/ Jim Maz Club
27 Nicole Atkins @ The Plaza Erica Mah w/ Shera Kelly @ The Backstage Lounge	28 Open Mic Night @ The B



sunday

monday

3 Rapture Resurrection @ The Commodore	4 Open Mic Night @ The A
10 Burnaby Blues and Roots Festival @ Deer Lake Park Under the Volcano Festival @ Cates Park	11 Cruce Fest @ GM Place
17 Open Mic Night @ Kingshead Pub	18 Joshua Radin w/ Erin M @ The Biltmore Cabaret
24 Gypsy Kings @ River Rock Show Theatre	25 Summer Slaughter Tour
31 !!! @ Richard's on Richards	

july

2008

sunday

tuesday

wednesday

thursday

friday

saturday

	1 Bill Woods Sextet w/ Joanni Taylor @ The Celler Jazz Club	2 Sarah McLaughlin w/ Cindy Lauper @ Deer Lake Park	3 Ashes Divide @ Richard's on Richards	4 George Michael @ GM Place	5 Mystery Point @ Big Star Cabaret
hards	8 Vancouver w/ DJ Bryce Dunn @ The Biltmore	9 Bacchus w/ Floating Goat @ Funhouse, Seattle My Dearest Friends w/ Matthew Mei @ The Media Club	10 Merritt Mountain Musicfest @ Merritt, BC Eric's Trip @ The Plaza	11 Vancouver Island Musicfest @ Courtney, BC Easy Star All-Stars @ The Commodore	12 Stevie Wonder @ GM Place Wolf Parade @ The Commodore Ill Scarlett @ The Commodore
Media Club	15 DJ Betti Forde w/ Trevor Risk @ Celebrities	16 The Wheat Pool w/ No Horses @ The Railway Club	17 Zaki Ibrahim @ The Media Club	18 Vancouver Folk Music Festival @ Jericho Beach Fusion Festival @ Holland Park	19 Bedouin Soundclash w/ The Roots @ Whistler Music Festival
@ The Railway	22 Sylvie @ The Media Club	23 Emmylou Harris @ The Orpheum	24 Joseph Arthur @ The Media Club No Age @ Richard's on Richards	25 The Cadaver Dgos @ The Biltmore Pemberton Festival @ Pemberton, BC Ted Nugent @ Red Robinson	26 Top Drawers CD Release Party @ The Backstage Lounge A Textbook Tragedy and Means @ The Media Club
Backstage Lounge	29 Cute is What We Aim For @ The Plaza	30 Amanda Lepore @ Celebrities	31 Ragga Mur @ Astoria	*send your event listings to calendar.discorder@gmail.com *	

august

2008

sunday

tuesday

wednesday

thursday

friday

saturday

				1 Mount Baker R&B Festival @ Mt. Baker, WA The Faint @ The Commodore	2 Japandroids w/ Dustin Bromley @ Astoria
ANZA Club	5 Feist w/ Weakerthans @ Deer Lake Park	6 Black Francis @ The Media Club	7 Angels and Airwaves @ The Commodore	8 Mohawk Lodge w/ John Cougar @ Astoria	9 Mystery Point @ Red Room
	12 Open Mic Night @ The Purple Crab Xinxin Nangan Ensemble @ Vancouver Playhouse Theatre (Festival Vancouver)	13 Small Sins @ The Media Club	14 Steve Winwood @ River Rock Show Theatre	15 Salmon Arm Roots & Blues Festival @ Salmon Arm Fairgrounds The Big Time Out 2008 @ Cumberland, BC	16 Pat Benatar @ River Rock Show Theatre Byron Lee and the Dragonaires @ The Commodore
Carley, Erin Pestle	19 Andy White CD Release w/ Shane nelkan, scott Jackson @ The Media Club	20 Open Mic Night @ The Wired Monk	21 Jack Johnson @ UBC Thunderbird Stadium Adaline w/ Hannah Georgas @ The Railway Club	22 Neil Halstead @ The Media Club Ames Lee @ The Commodore	23 Canuground "c" @ Whistler Twin Crystals w/ Shearing Finx Japandroids, Adjective @ The Cobalt
@ The Commodore	26 Lagwagon @ The Croatian Cultural Centre	27 Oasis @ GM Place	28 Back @ The Orpheum Suzie McNeill @ PNE	29 Joe Bonamassa @ The Commodore	30 Bumbershoot @ Seattle, WA

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am
SHOOKSHOOKTA (Talk)

10-11am
A program which targets Ethiopian people and aims at encouraging education and personal development in Canada.
KOL NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm
Beautiful amazing beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and vides. East Asia, South Asia, Africa, the Middle East, Europe, Latin America, Gypsy, Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae) 12-3pm
Reggae into all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Rocks) 3-5pm
Real cowhit caught-in-ver-boots country. Alternates with:

SHAMELESS (Eclectic)
Dedicated to giving any local music act in Vancouver a crack at some airplay. When not playing the PR stick, you can hear some faves you never knew you liked.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop) 5-6pm
British pop music from all decades. International pop. Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!
Alternates with:

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop) 5-6pm
Welcome to St. Tropez! Playing underrated music from several decades!
st.tropez101.90@gmail.com

QUEER FM (Talk) 6-8pm
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.
queerfradio@gmail.com

RHYTHMSINDIA (World) 8-9pm
RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present. Ghazals and Bhajans, Dhilliwals, pop, and regional language numbers.
ALL AWESOME IN YOUR EARS! 8-9pm

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic) 9-10pm
The one and the only Mondo Trasho with Maxwell Maxwell—don't miss it!

TRANCEDANCE (Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts.

trancedance@hotmail.com
SUNDIAL FLOODLIGHT (Eclectic) 12-2am
Dedicated to all things done.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic) 8-11am
Your favorite Brown-stars, James and Peter, offer a savory blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

breakfastwiththebrowns@hotmail.com
GROUND CONTROL (Eclectic) 11-12pm
Fun and independent music supported by a conversational monologue of information, opinion and anecdote focusing on the here, the now, and the next week.

becktrav@gmail.com
ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Talk) 12-1pm
Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm
Parts Unknown, an indie pop show that has been on CTR since 1999, is like a marshmallow sandwich: soft and sweet and best enjoyed when poked with a stick and held close to a fire.
LET'S GET BAKED (Talk) 3-4pm
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Piker, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, The Superlatantics and more.

THE RIB (Eclectic) 4-5pm
Explore the avant garde world of music with host Rhea Jacob on **The Rib**. From new electronic and experimental music to improvised jazz and new classical! So weird it could blow your mind!

NEWS 101 (News) 5:30-6pm
Vancouver's only live, volunteer-produced student and community newscast. Every week, we take a look back at the week's local, national and international news, as seen from a fully independent media perspective.

CAREER FAST TRACK (Talk) 5:30-6pm
SOME SOUND (Indie Rock) 6:30-7pm
RADIO FREE GAK (Indie rock) 7-9pm
THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am
Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker.
Features at 11pm.
July 7: "Social Call" is the title track from a latter-day classic with Menk's ex-tenor saxophonist Charlie Rose and ex-Charlie Parker trumpeter Red Rodney.
July 14: "Dizzy Gillespie and The Monterey Jazz Festival Orchestra under the direction of Gil Fuller" explains it all.
July 21: Tonight we present "Pilgrimage" in tribute to the passing of one of the great voices of the tenor saxophone, Michael Brecker.
July 28: Pianist Ahmad Jamal is in tonight's spotlight with his 'classic' trio recorded live at the Pershing Lounge in Chicago in January 1958.
August 4: Tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan possesses one of the most distinctive sounds of any of his peers. "Bearcat" is a very personal statement.
August 11: Pepper Adams makes this live date from "Far Tiesdays" in New York special. "Conjuration" is another latter-day Jazz masterpiece.
August 18: The issuance of trumpeter Louis Smith's two Blue Note albums makes one realize what a giant this man was.
August 25: Composer/pianist Carla Bley's music is always fresh, funny and original.

TUESDAY

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am
Going on 8 years strong, this is your home for all the best of the punk rock has to offer.

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Rocks) 8-9am
Blugrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.
pacificpickin@yahoo.com

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 9-9:30am
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music. A unique programme bilingue que explore il mondo della musica folk italiana.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Deadlier than the most dangerous of nuclear!

borninixitymine@hotmail.com
MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm
An eclectic mix of indie with rock, experimental, world, reggae, funk and ska from Canada, Latin America and Europe. Local bands play live on the Morning After Sessions.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk) 1-2pm
Laugh Tracks is a show about comedy. Kipth Mestoroff from the 'zine Generation Exploitation, hosts.

generationexploit@yahoo.com
musicalboot@yahoo.ca
REEL TO REAL (Talk) 2:30-3pm
Movie reviews and criticism.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk) 3-4pm
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity.

WINGS (Talk) 4-4:30pm
WENNER'S BARBEQUE (Sports) 4:30-6pm
Tune in each week to hear Daryl Wenner talk about the world of sports. He discusses everything from the Vancouver Canucks to the World Rock Paper Scissors Championship.

ethanwenner@hotmail.com
FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore) 6-8pm
Punk rock and hardcore since 1989. Bands and guests from around the world.

SALARIO MINIMO (World) 8-10pm
The best rock in Spanish show in Canada since 2000. None of that tropical stuff here. No exotic imitations!
salario minimo@yahoo.com

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock) 10pm-12am
Traveling the trash heap of over 50 years' rock and roll. Dig it!

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic) 12am-1am
It could be, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.
auraltentacles@hotmail.com

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WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic) 8-10am
Live from the Jungle Room in his Top Secret Eco-Pop complex high in the Cascade Mountains, join radio host Jack Velvet for an eclectic mix of music, sound bites, information and insanity. Not to be missed!

dj@javelvet.net
POP ROCKS 18-11:30am
ANODE (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm
An hour and a half of avant rock, noise, plunderphonics, psychedelic, and outsider aspects of audio. An experience for those who want to be educated and E!F!A!T!ed.

lukemest@hotmail.com
THE GREEN MAJORITY (Talk) 1-2pm
DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk) 2-3pm
RUMBLETONE RADIO 4-6:30 (Rock) 4-5pm
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

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Sunday

6am
7am
8am
9am
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5am

BBC
TANA RADIO
SHOOKSHOOKTA
KOL NODEDI
THE ROCKERS SHOW
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING
QUEER FM
RHYTHMSINDA
MONDO TRASHO
TRANCDANCE
SUNDIAL FLOODLIGHT
CiTR RE-BROADCAST

Monday

BBC
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS
GROUND CONTROL
ALTERNATIVE RADIO
PARTS UNKNOWN
LET'S GET BAKED
THE RIB
NEWS 101
CAREER FAST TRACK
SOME SOUND
RADIO RADIO
RADIO FREE GAK
THE JAZZ SHOW
VENGEANCE IS MINE
CiTR RE-BROADCAST

THURSDAY

CANADIAN VOICES (Talk) 5:30-6:30pm
AND SOMETHING WHY (Pop/Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
First Wednesday of every month.
Alternates with:
SAMSQUANT'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic) 8:20-9pm
All-Canadian music with a focus on indie-rock/pop.
anibander@hotmail.com
FOLK OASIS (Rocks) 9-10pm
Two hours of eclectic folk/roots music, with a big emphasis on our local scene. C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.
folkisrael@gmail.com
JUCEBOX (Talk) 10-11PM
Developing sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages.
www.jukeboxradio.ca
HANS KLOSS 11pm-1am
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Talk) 8-10am
SWEET AND HOT (Jazz) 10-12pm
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.
DUNCAN'S DONUTS (Eclectic) 12-1pm
Sweet treats from the pop underground. Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.
<http://duncansdonuts.wordpress.com>
WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic) 1-2pm
Rock, punk, indie, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.
www.weallfalldown.blogspot.ca
INK STUDIOS (Talk) 2-3pm
Ink Studios focuses on underground and indie comix from publishers like Fantagraphics, Top Shelf, Drawn and Quarterly and more. Each week, we interview a different creator to get their unique perspective on comix and discuss their own interesting and upcoming works.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop) 3-5pm
crimesandtreasures@gmail.com
MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk) 5-6pm
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome). mysticprojectradio@yahoo.com
Alternates with:
PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY (Talk) 5-6pm
pedalrevolutionary@gmail.com
STEREOSCOPIC REDBOAT (Rock) 6-7:30pm
Psychiatric, acid punk, freebeat, prog and other grotesque and socially relevant artifacts from 1965 to today, with a particular emphasis on Vancouver's freak flag with pride.
www.mpscapes.com/interoscopediscidit
EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental) 7:30-9pm

dog years
by
mark hewitt

photo by adam p. w. smith

cadaver dogs



THE GENERATION OF INSPIRATION AND
BEHIND THE CADAVER DOG SOUND

Dusty" Doug Smith, 43-year-old Vancouverite and bass player for Cadaver Dogs, is more than happy to wax breathlessly about the endless string of bands that have changed his life over the years, and to reflect on the ironic, demented, offspring of punk—a loose underground of which his own band is a bona fide member. But aren't they a country band?

"We are like the redhead bastard step-children of the roots band," Smith quips, only partially joking. Indeed, the Cadaver Dogs' brand of country music is far from pure. Chief songwriter Mike O is a keen fan of early punk, as is Smith, who remembers the very first wave of the movement (he opened for the Dead Kennedys and saw Bad Brains live—all before many readers were even born). With a drummer that loves prog-rock and metal to boot, the band's sound is intrinsically hard-edged, more reminiscent of the Replacements or the Ramones than Hank Williams.

"We can kind of do both," clarifies Smith, using their new album, *Pariah Social*, as a case in point. "Dirty Jokes" is a nice little waltz. "Touch Me Behind the Liquor Store" is a bossa nova.

"But then, on the other hand," says Smith, "we've got songs like 'O Waitress'—knuckle-dragging, Neanderthal-like, two chords, solo, solo, solo... There are 13 guitar tracks on that song."

The genre-jumping, cow-punk flavour also stems from the polar opposite tastes within the band, whose line-up has undergone several mutations since its birth in 2001. The band has now settled on something that is eclectic, yet works well.

"The cool thing about the Cadaver Dogs—and I think this is what makes us the kind of band we

are—is that it's four completely different musical tastes. There are a few crossovers. It's funny, we all probably like the Who, the Ramones, Devo..." The addition of a "pounding" drummer and a highly studious second guitarist has also helped to take things to a "different level," as Smith puts it.

"It can evolve into anything. We can play 'Pistol Packin' Mama,' we can play 'Teenage Head' by the Flamin' Groovies, or we can play the Jesus and Mary Chain. Are we gonna play it exactly like the Jesus and Mary Chain? No, we're probably gonna play it like the Stooges."

In terms of their own material, "We write from what we live and what we have lived," Smith points out. "We're a little bit older, we've been around." Despite their punk immediacy and boozy connotations, underneath their open chords and Mike O's sincere croon, there's an eccentricity—a dry, playful defeatism that keeps the wheels turning.

"Our music is good-time music," Smith admits. "We don't take ourselves very seriously, right? It's over the top, like, pastiche; we're making fun of everything. We know that everything's been done."

There is one thing that hadn't quite been done before. Initially a spontaneous studio moment, it now serves as conclusive testimony to the band's warped sense of humour and to its love of music, too.

"There's a hidden song, the last song. It's Devo's 'Mongoloid,' but it's done like Neil Young and Crazy Horse. Devo approved it and sent me a shirt and stickers and said they loved it... They fucking loved it."

Cadaver Dogs play the Biltmore Cabaret (395 Kingway) on Friday, July 25. **D**



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JULY 19



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AUGUST 16

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Tim Burton themed costumes & outfits
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REAL LIFE

ACTION



R.E.M.

+ MODEST MOUSE
+ THE NATIONAL
Deer Lake Park
May 23

While sprawled out on the lawn in the lush surroundings of Deer Lake Park, mindlessly enjoying an overpriced strawberry ice cream cone and with one arm draped around my better-half, it suddenly dawned on me: this has to be the least rock 'n' roll that I've been in a long, long time. It wasn't really my fault, though, as there wasn't anything remotely rock 'n' roll about this late spring concert, boasting its lineup of adult-oriented rock bands with sights set on aging hipsters, soccer moms, young families and greying boomers.

Starting out the proceedings was The National, those perennially dull (and oddly over-hyped) Brooklynites. The band flaunted their wares to a few dedicated fans at the front, but ultimately served as a muted soundtrack to arriving concertgoers and those waiting in line for beer tickets. Modest Mouse followed by delivering a set heavy on the last two albums, only once making a brief foray into their back-catalogue with *Lonesome Crowded West*'s "Trucker's Atlas." The crowd gave a big "I recognize that riff" cheer for "Float On," though most of the grownups probably only know it from their offspring's Kidz Bop Kids album.

As for R.E.M., let's just say that those in attendance tonight hoping for a hit parade would have been left fuming under their Tilly hats. However, for fans who can't get enough of the band's latest album, *Accelerate*, they would have had little to complain about since the band played the entire record (warts and all) over the course of the band's two-hour set. Michael Stipe seemed a little stiff, but cordial, and gave us a collective blush with his glowing praise of Vancouver's beauty and hospitality. In turn, he threw a few favourite oldies our way like "Losing My Religion," "Get Up" and some surprises, such as the

rarely if ever played "Ignorance" and "Gardening at Night" from their debut 1982 EP.

And while it was a very controlled and reserved evening (how could it not be with a 5:30 p.m. start?), it couldn't have been more pleasant, which is about as suitable as an adjective as you can find for this show. There were no arrests, the first aid tent remained empty and most couples probably made it home in time to catch *The National* (on CBC, that is).

Adam Simpkins

M83

Richard's on Richards
April 29

In a way, M83 succeeding in a live setting seems downright impossible. Most often the group has only one member. Their sound hinges more on production than actual playing. The sonic output is so unbelievably huge that live translation seems a challenge, to say the least. Yet here they are, M83 on stage, in person and out to show why Saturdays equal youth.

With a sizable crowd in attendance, the French act's clean-cut and enviably youthful Anthony Gonzalez takes the stage, making a beeline to a lit-up glass box of electronics affixed above a synthesizer. He begins pressing down on its multitude of buttons, sending harsh, digital sound waves over the crowd. Soon a trio of backing players appears from the sidelines, dividing up behind another console of synths, a guitar and a ridiculously large drum kit surrounded by six-foot plastic panels (presumably there for sound purposes). Then all four break into the song that kick-started the career of this electronically inclined shoegaze act some five years ago: "Run Into Flowers."

It all makes for a wonderful start to a show, with the band following it up with a choice selection of rockers, ravers and chill-outs mainly from their latest effort, the '80s/John Hughes-inspired *Saturdays = Youth*, and its

2005 predecessor, *Before the Dawn Heals Us*. And while there are few complaints about the song selection (which covered everything from "Graveyard Girl" to "Don't Save Us From the Flames" to "Gone"), as expected, live many of the tracks lost, rather than gained, sonic oomph. The mix was definitely loud enough and the metal-styled drums hit with the same kick as on record, but the all the blaring keyboards, electronics and guitars often merged into one indistinguishable mess, losing many of the songs' subtleties.

Also, Gonzalez's arsenal of live antics—which included frequent use of the thumbs-up, double thumbs-up and the peace sign—left something to be desired, to put it politely. On the other hand, the band's newest addition, vocalist/keyboard player Morgan Kibby, added a lot to the evening, with her Kate Bush-styled voice coming across beautifully and her energy seeming less awkward and better placed than Gonzalez's. Yet by the show's electro-fuelled close, few in the crowd seemed to mind the obvious flaws, giving M83 an enthusiastic response that, funnily enough, seemed to take the band a bit by surprise.

So did M83 succeed in a live setting? Let's say, for the most part, yes, but there is definite room for improvement.

Brock Thiessen

JAMIE LIDELL

Richard's on Richards
May 26

The turnout was surprisingly high for a Sunday night, and the entire room was itching to dance. Knowing this, soul singer Jamie Lidell, critically lauded as the most recent musician responsible for bringing funk back to the white man, adroitly built up anticipation by allowing his four-piece band (guitar, drums, keyboard and sax) to casually saunter onstage before him. When he finally appeared, it was like a landmine going off.

The room erupted in cheers and Lidell went right into "Another Day." Lidell swung and swayed like a Motown Elvis with Buddy Holly looks. Enlisting the crowd to sing falsetto backup for "Out of My System" and armed with what appeared to be a modified radar gun that worked like a shotgun mic, he recorded beats, chants from the crowd and saxophone arpeggios, and warped them into ambient PowerBook techno-pop before us. An improvised scat session slowly took shape, but went on for about five minutes longer than it should have. Coming back in on "The City" (from the 2005 album *Multiphly*) didn't quite save the groove, but "Little Bit of Feel Good" did, bringing Lidell's saxophonist to centre stage playing two saxophones at once, while looking uncannily like a love child between Jesus Christ and Al Borland.

Sounding as though Marvin Gaye were 20 years younger (and alive, for that matter), Lidell's magnetic presence onstage had every woman in the place ogling him with bedroom eyes, especially when he took a moment to tell some tales of dreams he'd had or how much he loved his kid nephew. Continuing on the theme of Gaye pride, "Green Light" may as well have been written by Marvin himself, and the explosive finale of "Wait for Me" ended with Lidell thrashing around and losing his glasses in one last bout of foot-stomping mania.

This was Lidell's first show on his North American tour and it can only multiply from here.

Benjamin Luk

DESTROYER

+ FROG EYES
+ VICTORIA VICTORIA
Commodore Ballroom
May 31

Destroyer was my soundtrack to art school. Dan Bejar's astute turns of phrase and candour—some say pretentious, I say acerbic and witty—provided running commentary on the fine art of sidestepping personas and dealing with the egos and affections that an art institute can foster. Given the looser and louder approach for *Trouble in Dreams* and his public persona—aloof, disdainful and a prickly interview—I headed to the Commodore curious to see how it would all translate live.

I'll fess up: In true rock critic fashion, I showed up late and missed local openers Victoria Victoria and half of Frog Eyes' set. Irresponsible? Fine. Reliable sources informed me that, despite a small but loyal contingent up front, Frog Eyes' brand of sinister and ramshackle drama didn't win over most punters. What I did see did not disappoint, however: demonic duo-woop from a creepy basement free of affectation and full of soul. Casey Mercer—man, he's got a set of pipes. That is all.

Part of the beauty of Destroyer is that Bejar's work is a combined homage and mid-finger salute to the artifice that is the rock spectacle: the fantasy rawk figure is just glitter and greasepaint or, in East Van terms, plaid and beards. It was fitting, then, that amidst the overpriced draft, fancy lights, security goons and the crowd yelling requests, Bejar and co. eschewed note-perfect replication and went Dylanesque. Think 1965, Manchester Free Trade Hall—rock it out, crank up the nuance, trade the delicate phrasing and croon for a caterwaul. Initially captivating (especially "Rubies" and "Dark Leaves form a Thread"), the songs mushed into each other after a while. Commodore shows are like that, though: if not at capacity, the band competes with the large space, the energy fizzles and you spend half the evening wishing it were in a smaller venue.

There were epic moments, however fleeting, reaching *Last Waltz* proportions by the end, where Destroyer self-reflexively jammed the rock idiom's pomposity to its absurd, yet logical, conclusion: some guys on a stage playing loud. Nothing more.

Christopher Olson

WOLF EYES + SICK BUILDINGS + THE RITA

Pat's Pub
June 11

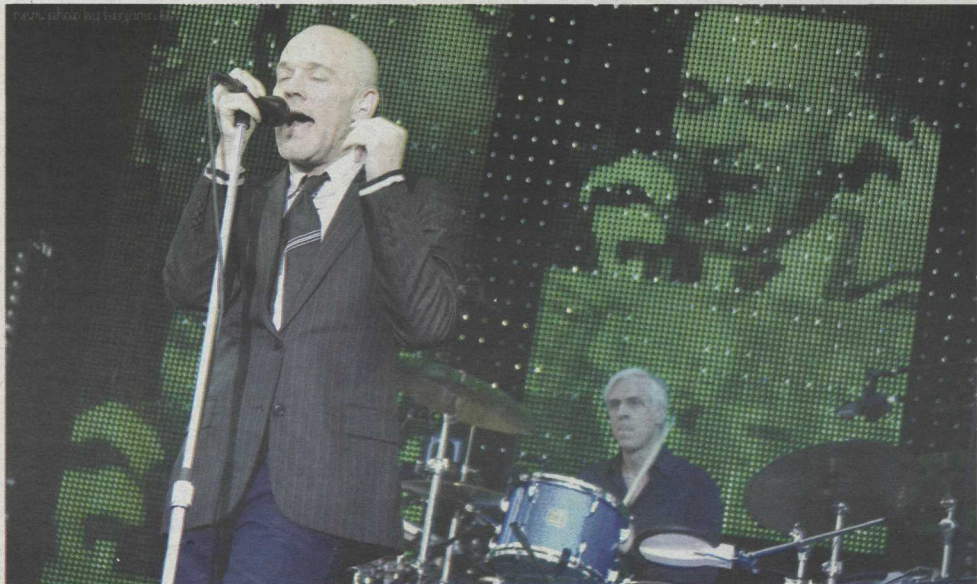
Opening the night was local noise purveyor Sick Buildings, who brought an innovative set of harsh shifting electronics. Before he began, rape whistles and alarms were distributed throughout the crowd with accompanying instructions. Halfway through

the 10-minute set, there was a short pause followed by an assault of high-pitched whistles from the crowd. Sick Buildings then hurtled at least a dozen pre-sampled high-pitched whistles back at the audience for an intense, disorientating effect, and quite possibly marking the first time a rape whistle was used to assault rather than protect.

Worldwide and local noise legend the Rita continued the night's assault with a short blast of his harsh brand of volcanic electric-crackle. For those who have not seen the Rita in action, it's an earthshaking experience you won't soon forget. He started off with an explosive roar that would be akin to standing behind a fighter jet as it revs its engines. After several brain-rattling minutes, he reared back and slammed around a black metal box filled with contact mics and shards of metal, emitting an incredibly jarring and ear-damaging sound that was as powerful as it was painful.

Ann Arbor's Wolf Eyes ended off an already intense night with a two-part set. The first part was a 20-minute crawl through a foggy funhouse from hell. Droning electronics, squealing saxophone, feedback-drenched guitar and snarled incantations cast an ominous cloud over the spellbound audience. The second half showed the aggressive side of Wolf Eyes, which, unsurprisingly, got the biggest reaction from the crowd. Arrhythmic beats that would have fit on an Autechre album laid the backbone for most of the tracks, meanwhile the band screamed, skronked and shredded the crowd to bits. One fan got so excited he stage dived into an unwilling audience and knocked himself out in the process. But not even that could top the insanity that dominated Pat's for almost two hours.

Mark Richardson



UNDER REVIEW

NDIDI ONUKWULU

THE CONTRADICTOR

(Jericho Beach Music)

Powerful and engaging, Ndidi Onukwulu's *The Contradictor* is a mesmerizing record that will entrance her listeners. Her voice sounds like a bluesy female version of Devendra Banhart, while still remaining strangely unique and unforgettable. In 2007, Onukwulu was the recipient of the CBC Galaxie Rising Star Award, and after listening to her latest album, it is obvious that she is well-deserving of this prize. *The Contradictor* opens with the stunner, "SK Final," where Onukwulu laments, "I'm not going to hurt over you again." Her impressive voice further conveys her emotions, causing the music to be that much more compelling. The rest of the tracks on the album are just as consistent and strong, especially "Forever SZ." All of the songs not only showcase her amazing talent, but also flow together to create a very hip and contemporary blues album that will appeal to both a younger and broader audience than a traditional blues record.

Terris Schneider

THE NOTWIST

THE DEVIL, YOU + ME

(Domino Records)

Despite their woodland Bavarian roots, the Notwist's new album, *The Devil, You + Me*, encompasses a huge range of warm euphoric tones. The opening track, "Good Lies" discusses the good life in a style that bridges the gap between the sounds of Death Cab and Interpol, but with less hesitation and insecurity. Smooth and delicately crafted, the album weaves soulful string arrangements together throughout the work, showing a progressive movement from their original sonic metal experimentation in the late 1980s. As the album moves along, electronic rhythms and loops are explored, adding tremendous musical textures and varieties, ranging from the rhythmically-charged to the familiar and melancholic. The track "Where in This World" brings Thom Yorke's haunting voice to mind, as Markus Archer's strained crooning gives an eerie touch to the more introspective songs. The lyrical themes of the album are equally profound in complexity and density, as notions of spiritual restlessness, the decay of the material world and other compelling existential questions are raised. The Notwist's droning themes and dark lyrics suggest that the band is plagued by a Proustian 21st century paralysis, but the polarity of their sound provides an optimistic edge that is countered again and again. On the whole, *The Devil, You + Me* is a microcosm of unending spiritual disparity that renews itself upon each listening.

Miné Salkin

STYROFOAM

A THOUSAND WORDS

(Network)

What does this disc promise? Sounds reminiscent of the Postal Service, a guest vocalist from Jimmy Eat World and the L.A. production team behind the Backstreet Boys and Jessica Simpson. What does this disc deliver? You know when you eat a piece of pizza and think, "this tastes like styrofoam." Yeah. That.

Arne Van Petegem (who goes by the pseudonym Styrofoam) is a self-described, "shy electronic guy afraid of singing," who traverses his personal boundaries and sings on all eleven tracks of *A Thousand Words*. This falls flat not because the Belgian-based performer can't carry a tune or write compelling lyrics (he can sort of do both), but because every single track sounds like a variation on the last. With inventive acts—think Hot Chip—ingeniously mixing programmed beats and the use of software, Van Petegem's use of bleeps and beeps are far from original and, nine times out of ten, downright boring. In his own words, he set out to make "an up-tempo pop album with big choruses to sing along to... [having] made enough sulky mid-tempo music for the rest of my life." Interesting analysis, because there are maybe two songs that don't sound sulky (ironically, one is called "No Happy Ending") and a dearth of up-tempo choruses. Advice? Leave your electro playlist on Cut Copy for the next little while and wait for the next Postal Service album.

Katie Nanton

CARPENTER

LAW OF THE LAND

(Smallman Records)

Carpenter make no attempt to disguise their influences; look no further than the "John Cougar's God" portion of the band's Myspace URL for evidence of that. Certainly, Mellencamp's influence on the group is undeniable, as witnessed on tracks such as "Off the Road," with its driving guitars and anthemic "whoa-oh" bridge. But on *Law of the Land*, punk and '90s indie rock bear an equal influence on the Vancouver quartet. Singer Dan Sioui is a veteran of the alt rock outfit All State Champion, and his hollering vocals and political angst wouldn't sound out of place on a Thelma Houston album.

Literally, Sioui speaks out on behalf of the land rights of farmers and concerns himself with little else. He rages against the proverbial "they" on "Six Shots," bellowing, "They'll build towers up on our home/Take the land and then steal its soul." On "A Different Life," he "Yearn[s] for days/Of much simpler ways." (Fittingly, Mellencamp shares Sioui's political agenda—the classic rocker co-founded Farm Aid with Willie Nelson and Neil Young in 1985.) It's an impassioned tirade to be sure, but the narrow lyrical focus grows a little wearisome over the course of the album.

Nevertheless, the musical accompaniment to Sioui's political soap-boxing is accomplished, and *Law of the Land* is an enjoyable listen, despite its limited thematic scope.

Alex Hudson

GHOSTKEEPER

CHILDREN OF THE GREAT NORTHERN MUSKEG

(Saved by Radio)

Blues rock is one of the easiest musical genres to play, and consequently, perhaps the most difficult to play truly well. With countless hands churning out indistinguishable auto-pilot blues-riffage in countless bars across the continent, it's difficult for anyone to separate themselves from the masses. At their finest moments, however, Calgary's Ghostkeeper manage to do just that. The band's best songs are those in which they push the blues rock envelope into new terrain, as they do on "Mr. No Show," the relentlessly melodic, '60s-infused opening track to their debut album, *Children of the Great Northern Muskeg*. Elsewhere, "Cruisin' the Chev" sets distorted vocals against a jarring guitar rhythm to pleasing effect.

Unfortunately, the band doesn't sustain this level of inventiveness throughout the entire album. Ghostkeeper plays it safe for much of the album's middle section, as on "Solid Gold," which rides a repetitive guitar line for almost five minutes before petering out long past its expiration date. "The Introduction" similarly relies upon predictable, Zeppelin-pilfering slide riffs for its too-long instrumental passages. Thankfully, the group redeems these missteps on the closing track, "The Boxes and the Bottles," which features vocalist Shane Ghostkeeper's emotive voice on top of a nimble acoustic guitar line. The song concludes with a brief outburst of unexpected vocal clicking, a reminder of the potential of Ghostkeeper at their innovative best.

Alex Hudson

AZEDA BOOTH

IN FLESH TONES

(Absolutely Kosher)

Being a six-piece, you'd expect a group doing crunchy, ambient-electronic stuff like this to be some annoying cacophony of digital percussion. Thankfully, Calgary's Azeda Booth are austere enough not to fall into the trap of too many cooks in the kitchen. *In Flesh Tones*, the band's debut full-length, is filled with songs that sail, going nowhere in particular, but so enchanting that you won't even care.

There's a strange warmth to their sound, reminiscent of Autechre's analogue dog EP7 (actually, "Lobster Quadrille" sounds like a trip through the English duo's back catalogue). Acoustic instruments, like guitars, stick-clicks and floor toms are used here and there ("In Red" and "Numberguts"), but *In Flesh Tones* is more synth-driven than percussive. This album is too dreamy to be thrown under the hideous IDM banner, yet cerebral and structured enough to be thoroughly gripping. It has the kind of ambience that beelines through your skull, straight to the part of the brain that makes you want to curl up and bask in the cinema in your own head. Yeah, it's the same feeling that Boards of Canada gave us, but isn't it great? Listen to it once and realize there's not a trace of pretense in the band's own description of "visual/pop/ambient." It's visual without the visuals. So if you've had enough of waking up mid-nightmare in a cold sweat, headphone cord around your neck, because you fell asleep to Godspeed You Black Emperor!, look no further.

Mark Hewitt

SAVANNAH LEIGH BAND
CITY OF GREY
(Independent)

Vancouver's Savannah Leigh Band plays a slightly bluesy kind of folk rock—very smooth and unassuming—and *City of Grey* is a fitting title for this album. On a musical level, things are straight-ahead, as excitement occurs rarely with hooks few and far between. This, of course, could be part of the concept—to channel, both lyrically and musically, the bland loneliness that can take hold during winter in the Pacific Northwest. The title song certainly succeeds in this: "I've got a broken umbrella and ten bucks to my name / My shoes are second-hand and my shirt is the same / I think I've lost my social graces / And I have a funny way of forgetting faces / 'Cause when the clouds roll in, you know that they're here to stay." Leigh's not basking in depression, just trying, as she informs us directly, to "discover a way to stay sane."

Via a series of soft choruses, softer harmonies, shakers and twists of old-school country (as well as a Feist-esque number, vocals lightly distorted and all), Leigh's contemplative, matter-of-fact tone reaches its apex in "Polygraph": "Your heart won't admit what your cheeks cannot hide / Why continue to lie?" Underneath the almost too-perfect instrumentation and angelic vocal delivery, it's a scathing song—a needle in the hay of an otherwise introspective, inoffensive record.

Mark Hewitt

PRISCILLA AHN
A GOOD DAY
(Blue Note Records)

Priscilla Ahn opened her mouth and angels wept. Some wept for joy, while others wept in bittersweet gratitude; happy that such melodically beautiful resonance could exist, yet saddened that they themselves could not match the sweet stirring sounds emanating from a mere mortal. Multi-instrumentalist Ahn's full-length debut, *A Good Day*, is an enchantingly naive and hopeful record that manages to channel the spirit of Jewel's *Pieces of You*, while sounding completely like itself. "Dream," the stand-out first track, stays with you well after the initial listen. With lyrics such as, "I asked God who I'm supposed to be/The stars smiled down on me/ God answered in silent revelry," this is a record that sounds syrupy and saccharine in description, but upon listening is engaging and sincere. Even when mining darker subject matter, such as on "Red Cape," which begins by recalling a plane crash, Ahn (who invokes the sound of early Cranberries-era Dolores O'Riordan without sounding like a pale imitation) manages to make her message uplifting. Her reworking of Willie Nelson's "Opportunity to Cry" is such a departure from the original that it does not seem correct to refer to it as a cover, but rather as a reinterpretation. While *A Good Day* may sound like a record well-suited to dreamers, it should be required listening for all of the cynics out there.

Melissa Smith

HANK PINE & LILY FAWN
NORTH AMERICA
(Independent)

To say this band is as cool as f*ck, is to remark that Brangelina are hoping their children will repair their relationship. It is so obvious it doesn't need saying, but it is so true it can't help but be said. Hailing from Victoria, this is the duo's third full-length offering, each one accompanied by a comic book starring their rock 'n' roll alter-egos. Title track "North America" is a slightly more demented take on the Arcade Fire sound, while "Xanadu" sounds like Dublin's the Chalets, if they were fronted by Andrew Eldritch of Sisters of Mercy. The duo describe themselves as vaudeville rock, and their live shows are highly creative and conceptual events complete with costumes and saw playing. While the imagery serves as a complement to their theatrical sound, the music can definitely stand on its own merit. If you were to imagine listening to Boss Hogg jamming with Polyphonic Spree while drinking Absinthe and watching a Maya Deren film, you might come slightly close to describing the exceptional, warped beauty of this album.

Melissa Smith

HELP WANTED

Discorder Magazine is seeking an Art Director

POSITION DESCRIPTION:

The Discorder Art Director is responsible for overseeing the layout of Discorder on a monthly basis. This includes typesetting for the copy, commissioning all art and photography, designing the spreads and laying out the pagination. The Art Director will work closely with the Production Manager on all of these tasks, and will direct volunteers to help with layout and typesetting jobs as needed. The Art Director is required to attend Discorder meetings, and be available the last weekend of each month for production. The Art Director is in charge of the placement, design, and overall look of the magazine.

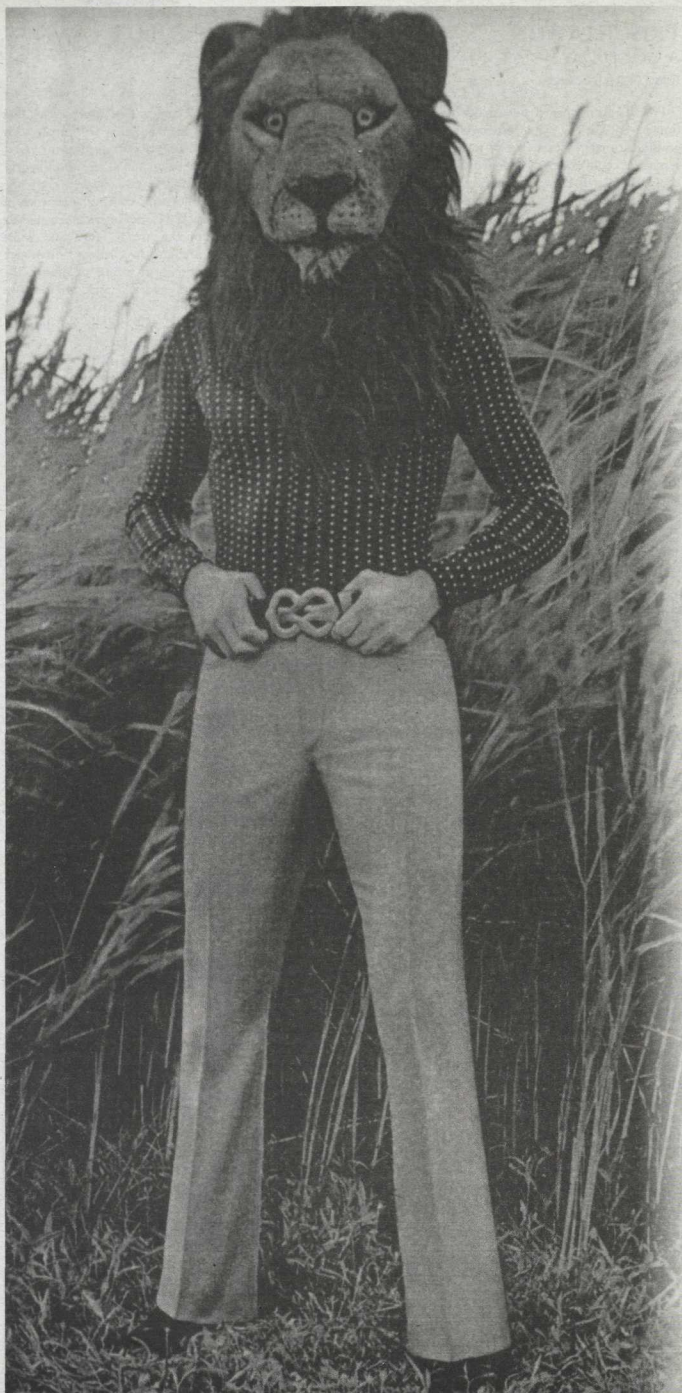
QUALIFICATION:

The Successful candidate will have a background in art and design, and will be competent using Adobe Indesign CS3. Knowledge of independent and local music, art and culture is an asset.

This is a volunteer position with a monthly honorarium of \$100 per issue.

To apply, send a resume and cover letter to Brenda Grunau, CiTR Station Manager, at citrmgr@ams.ubc.ca by August 1st, 2008.

BEHIND
UNDER



trapped for time and cash? Unsure whether to spend your hard-earned paper route money and decidedly un-European vacation entitlement on a quick holiday or lazing about recovering from a series of fantastic gigs? Why not combine the two and head to a festival? Being the decidedly delightful bunch that we are at Disorder, we have compiled a selection of festivals to assist you in your escape, if only for a day or two.

sub pop celebrates 20

Sub Pop, the label synonymous with the early-'90s Seattle music scene, turns 20 this year, and to celebrate 20 years of selling out, they're having a party.

When "Grunge" broke, it was a staffer at Sub Pop who famously fed the New York Times a bunch of nonsense grunge words she had made up (See: "lamestain" and "harsh realm"). Sub Pop was the early home to Nirvana, Soundgarden, Mudhoney and Eric's Trip. More recently, the label has found success with the Postal Service (who finally broke Sub Pop's sales record by moving more albums than Nirvana's *Bleach*) and the Billboard-chart-toppin' Shins. Sub Pop was even *Disorder's* "Label of the Year" in 2003.

Today, Sub Pop still brings the noisy (No Age, Pissed Jeans), but it also has bands as varied as Brazil's CSS, Montreal's Wolf Parade and England's Go! Team. As well, Sub Pop has become a home for comedians: Patton Oswalt, David Cross, Eugene Mirman, Todd Barry and New Zealand's Flight of the Conchords.

All of this history will be celebrated at Sub Pop's 20th Anniversary party, happening next weekend (July 11-13) near Seattle. Friday night's comedy showcase features Oswalt, Cross, Mirman and Barry, and will be hosted by Kristen Schaal, who co-stars on the Conchords' TV show.

Saturday and Sunday, the festivities move to Marymoor Park in Redmond, reputedly quite lovely and accessible via bus from downtown Seattle. Saturday's schedule includes Eric's Trip, Pissed Jeans, Fleet Foxes, Low, Mudhoney, Scottish legends the Vaselines (on their first North American tour!), Iron and Wine and the Conchords.

Sunday's lineup features Kinski, France's Les Thugs, No Age, Red Red Meat, Comets on Fire, Beachwood Sparks and the re-united Green River. Wolf Parade will finish the weekend off.

Happy birthday, Sub Pop. For more info, visit <http://www.subpop.com/sp20>.

Duncan M. McHugh

blister in the sun

a cure for the blues



If you're in the mood for a road trip, the Second Annual Deep Blues Film & Music Festival takes place in Minnesota, from Friday, July 18 to Sunday, July 20. According to online route planner, freetrip.com, the journey to Washington County Fairgrounds—just east of Lake Elmo, MN—takes 25 and a half hours of straight driving to cover the roughly 2900 km. You could consider that time a personal challenge or book a flight to Minneapolis-Saint Paul, which is about a half hour drive from the fairground.

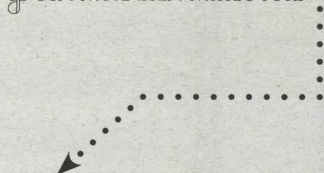
Music starts at 11am each morning and finishes at 9:30pm, after which there will be a screening of a music-related film or additional performances in nearby venues. Not content to merely offer 46 bands (including Vancouver's Pack A.D. on Sunday) over the course of three days, Deep Blues will also be screening 20 music-related films in Hooley Hall, which is on the fairgrounds but located outside of the concert area. The last film starts at 10pm.

Attendees may bring their own meals and coolers (no glass!) but food and beverages are also available on site. All revenue generated from pop and water sales will be donated to the Three Day Breast Cancer walk. This is a fantastic event for anyone who loves the blues or mixed genre bands that meld the blues with punk/garage/rock, etc. For the film buff or music historian, it is also an opportunity to view blues-related films and documentaries that rarely screen publicly. Visit deepbluesfestival.com to view their comprehensive listing.

Advance three day passes are \$75 and advance single day tickets are \$30. If available, tickets can be purchased on the day for \$90 and \$35 respectively.

Melissa Smith

green mountain music fest



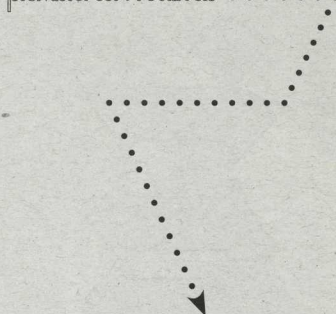
The Green Mountain Music Festival is a one-day festival occurring July 19, and all 12 of the featured acts perform in an absolutely breathtaking setting at the base of Mount Benson, on the outskirts of Nanaimo. All proceeds from the festival will go to the Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Fund, and each of the bands will perform out of the goodness of their own gosh-darn hearts to benefit this worthy cause. This is the second year for the festival, which was started and organized by James Wood, lead singer of local rockers the Hotel Lobbyists. James was inspired to start the festival by his fiancée Kim Black, who was born with the disease.

Along with the Lobbyists, who will bring their guaranteed-every-time brand of party-starting, mojourning rock 'n' roll, the festival lineup boasts an impressively solid and exceptionally diverse selection of talent from Vancouver and Vancouver Island. East Van thrash-metal stalwarts Bison will deliver punishing, powerful riffage, while Young & Sexy will bring their lovely pop melodies and layered harmonies, hot off the recent release of their critically-rimmed second album, *The Arc*. Thee Manipulators will absolutely make your ass shake, with a blend of R&B, punk and garage rock that is absolutely dirty (in the best possible way). Valerie Graham and Shiloh Lindsey will each bring their beautiful voices and honest country-folk ballads. The island will be represented by Victoria's Run Chico Run and Nanaimo's Chasing Satellites and Jon McKiel will be there, all the way from Halifax. The bill is rounded out by a trio of Vancouver's best live acts: the Smokes, No Horses and the Stumbler's Inn.

Tickets are only \$15 in advance (\$20 at the site), and available at Red Cat Records in Vancouver (4307 Main Street) and Fascinating Rhythm in Nanaimo (51 Commercial Street). For directions to the festival, accommodation info and to hear the bands, go to the website: greenmountainmusicfestival.com

Dan Fumano

pemberton festival



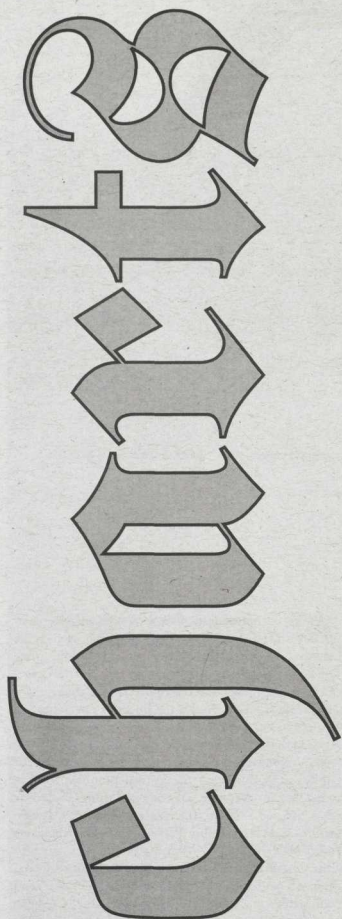
Camp-out music festivals have long been a staple of the British summer: Glastonbury, Reading, et al. In its inaugural year, the Pemberton Festival—taking place July 25 to 27—is part of a recent spate of North American festivals intended to re-popularize the concept this side of the Atlantic. And if the lineup is any indication of success, Pemberton is bound to be a bigger hit than last year's wash-out Virgin Festival.

It's no wonder that Pemberton has designated a special family campground, as the festival promises to have something for everyone. Day one gets things underway with Nine Inch Nails, Interpol and Metric. Day two features monster act Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers and festival-staples My Morning Jacket. That day also joins Canadian acts the Tragically Hip, Sam Roberts, Buck 65 and locals Black Mountain. The weekend culminates on day three with Jay-Z and Coldplay headlining the main stage, while Death Cab for Cutie, 2008's indie-sensation Vampire Weekend and legendary spinner DJ Shadow also add to the festivities.

Bring a tent and nothing else (well, maybe some clothes), as the festival promises to be equipped with wash stations, a general store, and a wide array of food and drink vendors (alcoholic and otherwise). Weekend passes for the event are steep at \$259.50, and single-day tickets are proportionally even worse at \$149.50. Still, it might be worth it to pawn some valuable family heirlooms; if you're on the lookout for this year's must-see super-concert, there's no better option than Pemberton. **D**

Alex Hudson

CiTR 101.9FM



JULY

CiTR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for 2008. Artists with stars alongside their names (*) are from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them there, give our Music Director a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to get them. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	Artist	Title	Label
1	Vancouver*	Canadian Tuxedo	Mint
2	Various*	Emergency Room Volume One	Nominal
3	Andy Dixon*	The Mice of Mt. Career	Ache
4	Hank Pine And Lily Fawn*	North America	Independent
5	Women*	Women	Flemish Eye
6	The Jolts*	Haute/Voltage	Independent
7	CPC Gangbongs*	CPC Gangbongs	Swami
8	Hawaiian Bibles*	There's Good People In The City	Independent
9	No Kids*	Welcome To My House	Tomlab
10	Wolf Parade*	at Mt. Zoomer	Sub Pop
11	Fuad And The Feztones*	Beeramid	Ricochet Sound
12	Spiritualized	Songs In A & E	Fontana
13	Pete Samples*	The Jumper Cables	Independent
14	Steinski	What Does It All Mean? 1983-2006	Illegal Art
15	The Green Hour Band*	The Green Hour Band	Kingdom
16	Flight Of The Conchords	Flight Of The Conchords	Sub Pop
17	Winning*	Could We Believe In Magic?	Ache
18	Vapid*	Do The Earthquake	Nominal
19	Jason Anderson	The Hopeful And The Unafraid	K
20	Mutators*	Paper Words/Little Liar/Glass	The Broadway
21	Japandroids*	Lullabye Death Jams	Independent
22	Cancer Bats	Hail Destroyer	Distort
23	Young And Sexy*	The Arc	Mint
24	Bonnie Prince Billy	Lie Down In The Light	Drag City
25	Mates of State	Re-Arrange Us	Barsuk
26	Drive By Truckers	Brighter Than Creation's Dark	New West
27	The B-52s	Funplex	Astralwerks
28	The Constantines*	Kensington Heights	Arts & Crafts
29	The Death Set	Worldwide	Counter
30	Boris	Smile	Southern Lord
31	No Age	Nouns	Sub Pop
32	Chris-A-Riffic*	Chris-A-Riffic	Independent
33	Matmos	Supreme Balloon	Matador
34	Various*	Manoeuvres 2	So Called
35	Mattress	Heavy	Reluctant
36	Fleet Foxes	Fleet Foxes	Sub Pop
37	J. Spaceman/Sun City Girls	Mister Lonely	Drag City
38	Run Chico Run*	Rocket Surgery	Reluctant
39	Urban Surf Kings*	Bang Howdy Partner	Independent
40	Simply Saucer*	Half Human, Half Live	Sonic Unyon
41	Islands*	Arm's Way	Anti
42	Ghost Bees*	Tassecomancy	Youth Club
43	Teenage Head With Marky Ramone*	Teenage Head With Marky Ramone	Sonic Unyon
44	Jex Thoht	Jex Thoht	I Hate
45	Carpenter*	Law Of The Land	Smallman
46	Univers Zero	Univers Zero	Cuneiform
47	Dosh	Wolves And Wishes	Anticon
48	Mixed Pixel	Let's Be Friends	Mental Monkey
49	Various	Disco Italia: Essential Italo Disco Classics	Strut
50	Crystal Castles*	Crystal Castles	Last Gang

alkaline trio

Words and photo
by Marielle Kho

REGULAR

Over the past 11 years, Alkaline Trio have witnessed themselves grow from their humble beginnings as a D.I.Y. punk group into a widely received band with many more opportunities on the horizon. *Discorder* speaks with Matt Skiba and Dan Andriano about metaphysics and their new record.

discorder: Do you want to talk about your new album, *Agony & Irony*? Who produced it? Where did you guys record it?

Matt: It's all done; Josh Abraham produced it, and we recorded it in a studio in the beautiful neighborhood of Silver Lake, just outside of Hollywood. We wrote the album over a couple years' time, but recorded it in six weeks, which, for us, was pretty quick. We're really excited about it, and I know that bands always say that their new record is their best record, but I think that this is our best record. We had a really good time making the record. It was a very fun and natural process. I listened to *The Con* by Tegan and Sara a lot, and we did not want to replicate it, but I wanted for us to make a record that was just as tight and full of character and feeling.

As far as production goes, do you guys feel that you've expanded your sound, as far as instrumentation goes? I've noticed that as your recordings have progressed, your drum sounds are getting bigger, and guitar tracks are becoming more layered. Is this new album following suit?

Dan: No, I don't think so. From a writer's standpoint, it has grown, but from a production standpoint, we didn't go crazy with anything. We just decided that we didn't need to. We felt like we had these songs that stood on their own fairly strongly. In a sense, they're almost stripped back a bit. I think the album itself does sound bigger and more produced, though.

Heaven and hell. Do they exist?

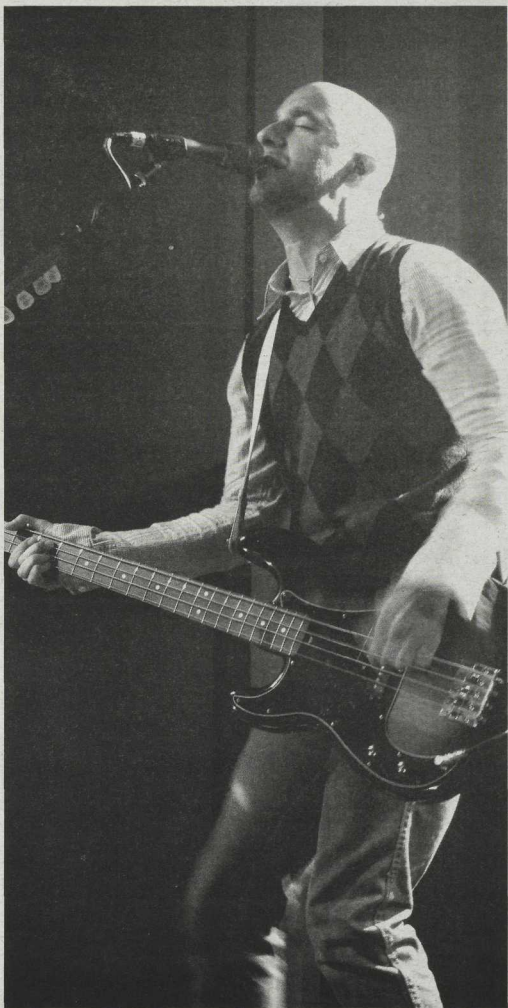
Matt: They exist right here on earth, for people. Some of us have hard lives, and we're not given the choice, but heaven and hell are right here, right in front of us.

Dan: I don't know how I feel about that anymore. I used to feel like I was very certain that, when you died, your body went into the ground and that was it. But now there's a big part of me that doesn't want to believe that that's true.

Do you find that, as you get older, you start to question that more?

Dan: Absolutely. But I don't think that it's because I'm getting older, I think it's because of the things that are happening around me. You start to feel differently about the people you know; people that you don't want to see for the rest of eternity. It makes you want to believe something like that, and you start to question science, which is something that I never really did before.

*Alkaline Trio's new album, *Agony & Irony*, was released on July 1st. The rest of this interview was aired on the CiTR show, We All Fall Down, and can be downloaded from www.citr.ca.*



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RETRO YOUR MUSIC SEE

Zulu throws a wrench in the outsider chic.

SIGUR ROS

Me su i eynum vi spilum endalaust CD

Casting lots to the wind like so many outworn garments, **Sigur Ros** have hopped the fence of past expectations and spirited headlong and headless into the sun-kissed meadow of liberated possibilities. Inspired by the acoustic sessions of their last album, **Hella**, you might say they've stepped down, and they're letting fans use a part of **Sigur Ros** that was never before visible. And I'm not just talking about the nude bumps on the cover. For one thing, **Me su i eynum vi spilum endalaust** (With A Buzzing In Our Ears We Play Endlessly) features the first-ever **Sigur Ros** song to be sung in English. It's also the first album of the band's career to be recorded outside of Iceland. Sessions took place in New York, London, and Havana, Cuba, and moving out of their comfort zone has helped our favourite moody Icelanders break out of what was — admit it, a bit of a rut. Immediate and thrilling as they've never been before, this is perhaps **Sigur Ros**, finest hour.

12.98 CD

RATATAT

LP3 CD

If you know that **Ratatat's** last album, **Classics**, scanned over 50,000 copies in US sales alone? Not bad for an all-instrumental indie band. But of course, **Ratatat** aren't your average instrumental combo, and with the success of **Classics**, their sound is radically expanding, like a star being born in the heart of a nebula. Their drum-machine-and-guitar duo format is enriched on **LP3** with the liberal application of warm Wurliizer and gooses, outer-space mellotron whistles, and their Transformers-reference logo suggests, they've been into that particular species of retro kitch that revels in archaic visions of the future. Like *Swatch* on Bach for the 22nd century, their frothy key-board flourishes are a classical glee, lounge music for space-age bachelor pads. But they've got teeth, too, with riffs as anthemic as any from the heyday of '80s pop-metal (though I'll bet you never heard a Van Halen song with the slide guitar and sleigh bells that **Ratatat** mix in). If it's wallpaper music, think of it as an Escher-esque pattern of interlocking devil horns held aloft. Imagine Air meeting the **Fucking Champs** at an indie-dance party. Imagine yourself getting down. AVAILABLE JULY 6th

14.98 CD

WOLF PARADE

At Mt. Zoomer

CD/LP

As if it said it was impossible to follow up **Apologies to the Queen Mary**. Obviously it is not. Any great band doesn't give a damn about what they've already done. "Who wants to make the same record twice, no?" "This is definitely better, because it is definitely different and staying stagnant is the worst possible thing to do." "Don't listen to it with those ears." **Acadia Fire** did the same thing, which was the best thing for them to do. "Krug sounds like **Brookner**, and **Brookner** fans dig a mouse." "Sounds nothing like **Hedest**." "They show, said out in two seconds!" "So, the record was originally called something else, and they might have gotten dead... everyone sees everyone." "They might notice, is that a word?" "Have you heard the new **Beck**?" "Shut your ears are talking about **Wolf Parade**, baby." "I don't care what the unofficial fan site says." "Honestly, this is the best record in Canada going — the fact that they don't have a Juno or a Polaris or a Canadian Academy Award proves it." "I am moving to Montreal, no wait I'm not."

CD 14.98 LP 14.98

THE ORB

The Dream CD

The **Dream** couldn't be a more appropriate title for what can only be called **The Orb's** return to form after their last album, **Old Day**. The **Orb**, On Konopad, proved that the veteran group can succeed on the minimal-tech terms of today's electronic avant-garde. **The Orb** are back on their own terms for their new album, though, and **The Dream** is exactly that: a trippy, spacey, dubbed-out journey through classic club, a post-rave fantasy of positivity, empowerment, and oddball humour that marks back to the heyday of albums like **UFO30**. Notably, the floating duo has been joined by **Thomas Fehlmann**, replaced by old-time computer, producer and bass maverick, **Martin Youth**. Elsewhere, and with other old stomaches like **System 7** guitar wrangler, **Steve Hillage**, on board it's no surprise that **The Dream** is a return to the sample-heavy playfulness of the band's earlier triumphs. Yet it comes with a lighter more danceable touch than recent offerings. It's undeniably nostalgic — **Patience** is 48 and **Youth** is (no) 47, after all — but those who've taken the cosmic tour with **The Orb** for the last 15 years will be more than happy to climb aboard again.

CD 14.98

VARIOUS

YOU DON'T

KNOW: NINJA

CUTS 3CD

You know **Ninja Tune** and everything about them and exactly the type of music they put out and why and it's... yknow, cool and everything but... Well, you do. The latest **Ninja Cuts** is number five in a series of classic compilations which have studied **Ninja's** 15 years of existence. And, like its predecessor, **You Don't Know** serves as a signpost of both where the label has come from and where it's heading. Although there are tracks on this three CD package dating back as far as 1998 (**Mike Lind**'s rare classic "Black Bird"), there are also 3 unreleased tracks (from some of **Ninja Tune's** biggest acts like **Mr. Scruff**, **Cinematic Orchestra**, **Coldcut** and others), some from albums which won't be released until later in the year (**John Maynard**'s fragile, ethereal **Evermore**), leaps to mind, or **Pop Levi's** superb, princely **Dita Dime**). It's fair to say most of this compilation contains rare, alternate and brand new tracks. More than anything else, why **You Don't Know** exists is the breadth of **Ninja's** releases, the sheer ambition and diversity of the music being put out through the imprints of **Ninja Tune**, **Big Dada** and **Courtesy**.

3CD 18.98

THE NOTWIST

The Devil, You +

Me CD

After making a tremendous splash in 2002 with their North American breakthrough album, **Neon Golden**, German band **The Notwist** more or less disappeared for the next six years, aside from a brief dalliance with **Thames** as **1346D**. Returning with **The Devil, You + Me**, however, reminds us that much of the charm of **The Notwist's** moody, atmospheric glitch-pop lies in their ability to conjure that specific sound of absence, a dreamlike rethor of ambiguous pastures and overcast colours. Often compared to the **Pastel Service** in their fusion of the familiar sounds of heart-on-sleeve indie guitar-pop with electronic elements, **The Notwist's** **Markus Acher** doesn't share **Ben Gibbard's** penchant for gushing emotion or heavy-hitting dance choruses. More subtle and muted in his delivery and more elliptical in his lyrics, **Acher's** use of dance elements also shows towards a broken-machine aesthetic that's closer to **Rachid's** fascination with the melancholy lines of the ghosts that live in our technology. It's been a dark summer so far. For **The Notwist** to be your umbrella.

CD 14.98

THE LOCAL MUSIC SCENE:

RODNEY GRAHAM

Why Look For Good Times?

CD/LP

The man that the New York Times called "the nutty professor of contemporary art" has always been in the business of asking tough questions you probably wouldn't have asked yourself. So, why look for good times? Maybe we should ask the mayor. In most cases it's not such a hard question. Know what I, I, say? Anyway, **Graham's** sharp wit and inquiring mind might have led him to pursue art full-time and rock on the side rather than vice versa. In the main, he writes a fine tune. Lyrics-minded listeners and fans of country-tinged storytellers like **Laz Haweswood** and the **Silver Jews**, take note.

CD 12.98 LP 14.98

V/A

EMERGENCY

ROOM VOL 1

LP+BOOK

Vancouver's noise-punk scene is climbing out of the carpark and the loading dock and into your home with the release of this book and compilation — a No New York far here-and-now **Vancouver**. A joint release between local labels **Nominal Records** and **Grotesque Modern** (who also describe themselves as "a label devoted to releasing violent punk into the universe"), the LP features bands such as **Maidens**, **Defektors**, **Petroleum By-Products**, **White Lung**, **Vapid**, **Two Crystals**, **Im Sense**, and **Black Buildings**, and it comes with a 20-page photography and art book featuring contributions from local artists. An historic document.

LP+BOOK \$16.98

VANCOUVER

Canadian

Tuxedo CD

Half indie rock, half garage. I look, all girl **Vancouver** have just finished recording their first debut album, **Canadian Tuxedo**, which starts shaking the speakers just in time for **Summer Expect 10** catchy, off-kilter, to-sing-along recorded at the legendary **JCB** shack — **Vancouver's** oldest garage rock recording from the speakers, harkening back to the burgeoning mid-80s scene of Venice Beach, California. **Eden Finney** belts out melodic lyrics which reflect upon the fragility of life itself, the struggle of relationships and remembering to live each day to the fullest. It is up your alley — cruise down our alley as the real scene is out back! Recommended.

CD 14.98

STREETLIGHT

Strange Spells CD

Streetlight might be Vancouver's best new undiscovered band. Mixing a variety of classic guitar jangles (the **Smiths**, **The Cars**, **The Kinks**, **U2**) with the introspective but dance-friendly sensibility of **New Order**, **Streetlight's** undeniable maturity and crisp precision earns them comparisons with whet-hill international sensations like **Cut Copy** and the **White Sea**. **Alvin Singer** (guitar) **Beck** (bass) has a big, romantic voice after the fashion of **Bryan Ferry** or **Bowie** in his blue-eyed soul phase, and the band has grand, big, handling melody disco, heart-pounding male out-balls, winsome, laid-back poppers, and bouncy sing-alongs. Keep your eye on these lads.

CD 12.98

TUNNEL CANARY

'JIHAD' LTD. EDITION 2LP/1LP

Formed nearly 30 years ago at the height of Vancouver BC's early punk scene, amidst Canadian hardcore progenitors like **B.O.A.** and **Sabbatians**, **Tunnel Canary** emerged with a sound more in common with the then still incubating UK power electronics scene and a militant attitude/lifestyle more in-line with straight edge hardcore or East-Asian asceticism. Influenced by avant-garde guitars **Fred Firth** and **Keith Rowe**, contemporary electronic composers like **Tanaka**, **Stockhausen**, and **Cage**, and no-wave bands like **Mars** and **DNA**, **Tunnel Canary** produced a volatile and often violent mix of pure noise, synthesizer music, free improvisation, and confrontational performance art. This 2LP set represents the definitive **Tunnel Canary** document.

LTD. EDITION 2LP \$20.98

1LP \$16.98

JULY FOURTH

Toilet

Presents Balls

Boogie LP

Folks this is extremely limited. If you come at the end of the month and boy one of these you will be drinking your tea out of your shoe. The work forces in strange ways and so does **July Fourth Toilet** who struck into the store and told us about their latest bop: booze meovich agood record! The sonic technicolour adventure of **Sir Robert Dayton** and it kicks ass, like old school noise. One third hard driving bop-boogie, one third fast Eastern beat, 10,000 miles to exploratory intros, one third wonky ballads, one hundred percent je ne sais qui, and zero bullshit. **Balls Boogie**.

LP 14.98

DIXIE'S DEATH

POOL

Scarlet Lake CD

Dixie's Death Pool was **Lee Dutzak's** concept from 1991 until 2000, when he moved to Vancouver and the dispersal of his collaborators led him to put the band name to bed. Recording under his own name since then, he's made his name as an experimentalist of the subtlest and most affecting variety. Working with fragile scraps of pop melody and the circumambient drizzle of local things and spaces, he creates miniature studio epics packed with aleatoric detail and scrambled by the technology of their production — accidents transformed into miracles. Currently a member of such electro-acoustic and improvisational groups as **Collapsing Lung**. **Attn: Diamond Choppers**, **Spectrum Interview**, **Heartwarming**, **Hi Daze**, **Acton Vacuum**, **The Vertical Narrative**, and **Infinitely Maternal**. **Lee** has resurrected the **Dixie's Death Pool** moniker for **Scarlet Lake**, a combination of new, old, and reconstituted tunes that offers a retrospective and a career retrospective to his varied career.

CD 12.98

OTHER STUFF WE LOVE OUR

HEARTS OUT TO:

SEBASTIAN — **Bubble and Scrape** **CD Release w/ 15 Bonus Tracks**
PATTI SMITH & KEVIN SWEENEY — **The Coral Sea** **CD**
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WIRE — **Object 47** **CD**
VARIOUS — **Ecotronic Soul: The Tracer & Notes Labels** **CD**
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ZULU ART NEWS: JULY 3-31

Savage Wall

Drawings by Bitsy Knox



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